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No. 176.

DESERTED.

BY ST. ELMO.

In the soft, pale hush of twilight,
Sadly mused the crystal sea,
While the golden-tinted moonlight
Fondly kissed the perfumed sea;
And the gentle zephyrs floated
Out upon the hazy air,
Where the dewdrops, silver-coated,
Smiled upon a maiden fair.

By the sea she sat and listened,
Was it ever thus to be?
On the waves the starlight glistened,
Gorgeous, beautiful and free;
Fireflies danced across the billows,
How'ring 'mid the silken hair,
Hanging from the weeping willows,
White as snow-flakes and as fair.

Over all a spell of sadness
Seemed to wreath its dismal chain,
And one heart was free from gladness,
For alas 'twas filled with pain;
Yes, the charm was to be broken,
For the time was drawing nigh,
And there was to be one token
That would often cause a sigh.

Far across the blue sea water,
With its fierce and angry breath,
Rushed the north wind's angry daughter,
Breathing forth her blasts of death;
And upon the angry ocean
Sped a bark before the gale,
Rushing, with a blinding motion,
Through the midnight stern and pale.

Morn approaches dark and dreary,
O'er the stormy southern sea,
And the sailors, worn and weary,
Calmly wait their destiny;
For the brave old ship is sinking,
And amid the tempest's roar
One bold heart is sadly thinking
Of that maiden on the shore.

Years have passed, and 'neath the willows,
Kneeling by a grass-grown grave,
Near the silver-crooked willows,
Was a stranger fair and brave;
Long he knelt there without speaking,
Till at length the starry sea
Heard a sob—'twas not its seeking
"Marie, I've come back to thee!"



Trapper Tom hung in mid-air over the chasm, clutching wildly at space for support.

Dashing Dick:

OR,
TRAPPER TOM'S CASTLE.

BY OLL COOMES,
AUTHOR OF "OLD HICKORY," "HAWKEYE HARRY,"
"NOT ME," "BROODERS, THE SCOUT," "DEATH-
NOTH, THE DESTROYER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

A SINGULAR COMPACT.

PRAIRIE VIEW was a small settlement, composed of about a dozen log-cabins and perhaps fifty souls. A score of the latter were strong, able-bodied men, the rest women and children. The settlement had been founded about two years previous to the opening of our story, and, though it had been greatly harassed by the Indians under the notorious Red Falcon, and had had a number of its horses and cattle stolen, it had suffered no loss of life but in a single instance.

About a month prior to the transactions we have already narrated, Red Falcon and about twenty of his warriors descended upon the cabin of one Thomas Winslow, who lived about a mile from the main village, and murdered all but one of the family. This one was a girl of eighteen, Pauline Winslow, whom Red Falcon had spared that he might carry her a captive to his lodge. In fact, her capture was the sole object that led the savages there, but, being a brave and fearless girl, she escaped the villain's power and sought safety by flight under cover of night, to Prairie View, where she was re-

ceived into the family of her uncle, Ishmael Haven.

Pauline was beautiful, but something besides mere beauty rendered her admired and loved by all whom she came in contact with. She was full of life, vivacious and kind-hearted, always carrying sunshine and joy into the saddest home and heart—ever welcome by old and young.

No one in the settlement could excel her in the use of the rifle or in feats of horsemanship. Her love of out-door sport and exercise had given the strength of the commonality of men, besides imparting to her cheeks a healthy, rosy bloom; to her eyes a lustrous and joyous light; and to her form, grace and perfect development.

The death of her friends had, however, thrown a cloud of sorrow over her usually joyous heart and bowed her down with grief. In an hour's time the happy, light-hearted maiden had been made a sorrowing, weeping orphan. But her courage did not desert her. On the contrary, it became strengthened by an innate desire for vengeance on the depredators of her home and happiness. Her friends did all they could to console her, and though she was the same kind-hearted girl, the soft light of her eyes and the music of her voice were gone—the one had deepened into a fire that found nourishment in a spirit of vengeance, while the other had been silenced in the bitterness of her grief.

As time wore on, however, her sorrow grew lighter, and she began to recover some of her past spirit. Still she kept that hungry determination locked within her breast—a determination to see that her friends' deaths were avenged

On the same day that Dashing Dick, the hunter, left Clear Lake, Pauline issued from the door of her uncle's cabin and moved away toward the woods north of the settlement.

She was dressed in a short frock, made of fine buck-skin and ornamented with yellow fringe. In style it resembled that of the dress usually worn by an Indian queen or princess, with the exception of the waist, which was entirely original in style with its wearer. A little scarlet cap, with a white plume, surmounted her head, and from beneath this, clusters of dark ringlets escaped.

She carried a small, highly-finished rifle, with silver mountings, while at her side were suspended a fancy powder-horn and bullet-pouch by means of a scarlet sash passing over her left shoulder. These had all been a gift from one whom rumor said she loved. The name of the donor, as well as of the recipient, was engraved on a silver plate on the stock of the piece, and, as Pauline moved on into the shadows of the wild-woods, her mind absorbed in thought, she came to a sudden stop, dropped her rifle into the hollow of her arm, and, glancing at the plate upon its stock, murmured the name: "Charles Temple."

The name was involuntarily spoken aloud, but Pauline had no idea that there were ears about to hear her words, until a figure pushed from a clump of maples at her side and said:

"Then, the young squaw hunter loves him whose name is upon her lips?" Pauline started, not through fear, but embarrassment. She turned and saw an Indian girl standing at her side, her dusky face aglow with some inward emotion. She was not over

eighteen years of age, and her natural beauty was greatly enhanced by the gaudy dress she wore, and the glittering jewels that sparkled in her black, flowing hair. Her features were purely Indian, but full of expression and devoid of that gravity and stoical indifference so characteristic of her race.

Pauline recognized her at once. She had often been at Prairie View, and was known as Oolooah, the Indian Princess.

"Why, Oolooah, you here?" exclaimed Pauline, greatly embarrassed by the girl's sudden appearance and the question she asked.

"Yes," replied the dusky maiden, speaking the Saxon tongue quite fluently; "does not Oolooah come often to see her white sister?"

"You used to, Oolooah," replied Pauline, "but since Red Falcon has taken up the hatchet against the pale-faces, I supposed your friendship had turned with the spirit of your party."

Oolooah does not go on the war-path, neither does her white sister, and why should they be enemies?"

"They have no reason to be, Oolooah," replied Pauline; "but I have reason to hate your people, or many of them at least."

"I know my white sister's troubles. Sorrow has fallen on her heart. Red Falcon and his braves slew her friends. Oolooah would have saved them, but the warriors' ponies were fleetlier than Oolooah's feet."

"Then you knew my home was to be attacked?"

"Yes, Red Falcon wanted you for a wife, and to get you, he planned the destruction of your home and friends in secret; but Oolooah's ears were keen and heard the hiss of the serpent, but she could not save your friends from his sting."

"Oh, what a heartless wretch he is!" said Pauline.

"Oolooah would sink a dagger into Red Falcon's heart, if it would not put the stain of murder upon her hands. Red Falcon is a bad, cruel chief. He is an impostor. He filled the ears of the Sioux with falsehoods. He told them that the Great Spirit had sent him there to preside over the tribe. He did many strange things that led my people to believe his stories, and he was placed chief sachem over the tribe. He holds the place that Oolooah's lover should, by rights, hold to-day. And when Elk Horn, Oolooah's lover, and his young chiefs conspired against the impostor, Red Falcon, a traitor betrayed them. Death would have been the penalty, but Elk Horn and his chiefs exiled themselves from the tribe. Some day Red Falcon will fall, then will Elk Horn become chief of the Sioux, and friend of the whites."

"Oh! I pray that day will soon come, Oolooah."

"It may come soon. The white hunter, called Trapper Tom, who lives at the haunted lake, is upon Red Falcon's trail with his spirits of vengeance that dwell with him in the Castle."

Pauline smiled at the maiden's remarks and her belief in the superstitious, yet popular tradition of Clear Lake being the abode of spirits.

"Then, if you are my friend, Oolooah," Pauline at length said, "perhaps you can tell me something of Red Falcon's future intentions, can you not?"

"Oolooah's white sister guesses well. I am here with news intended only for the ears of the white maiden. Let her follow me into yon thicket and listen."

Oolooah turned and entered a clump of bushes, closely followed by Pauline.

Here for several minutes they remained in a low conversation. When they again emerged from the thicket, Oolooah's face wore a faint smile of triumph, while Pauline's was pale, and her eyes burned with the fire of some deep, inward emotion.

They conversed a few minutes longer, then parted. Oolooah went away northward, while our heroine moved on through the woods in a westerly direction, her mind absorbed in deep reflection.

The chatter of a squirrel in a tree-top overhead suddenly aroused her from her reverie, and glancing up through the foliage, she saw the little animal perched upon a bough. It presented a splendid mark, and raising her rifle, the maiden rested the barrel against a small tree, and taking a steady aim, pressed the trigger. There was a sharp report, a puff of white smoke, and the next instant the squirrel came crashing down through the foliage, shot through the head.

Advancing, the young huntress secured her game, and was about reloading her rifle, when a pleasant and familiar voice greeted her ear.

"A capital shot was that, Miss Winslow." The maiden turned and saw Dashing Dick, the hunter, approaching. She greeted him kindly, but betrayed no unusual emotion nor embarrassment.

Dick advanced, and dropping the butt of his rifle to the ground, leaned in a careless attitude upon the muzzle. Then removing his cap to cool his heated brow, he said:

"Are you not afraid, Pauline, to be so far from the settlement?"

"Afraid?—of what, Mr. Thurman?"

"Red Falcon and his minions, to be sure! But please call me Dick, Pauline; Mr. Thurman's sounds too formal for a fellow like me."

The maiden smiled, and replied:

"Then, Dick, have you seen aught of Red Falcon and his warriors in the vicinity?"

"No," he responded; "but there is no telling how soon they may come, Pauline; and then I shudder to think what will be the fate of Prairie View."

Pauline glanced like a startled fawn at the young hunter. Her face grew slightly pale, but to conceal her emotions, of which she was conscious, she began reloading her rifle.

A momentary silence ensued, then Dick continued:

"And now, Pauline, I desire to say, or rather repeat, this while I have the opportunity: I love you as man never loved woman before, and I pray my love is respected if not reciprocated, and that you will grant me the boon of your hand and the right of being your protector through life."

Pauline was unmoved by this sudden confession of the young hunter. She had expected it from the first and was prepared to answer him.

"Dick," she said, in her matter-of-fact way, "I can not grant you the boon you ask."

"Then you love another—either your cousin Harry Herbert, or Captain Charley Temple," Dick broke in, in a tone of disparagement.

"I did not say so, Dick," Pauline continued. "I have resolved to marry no one while the assassin of my friends goes unpunished."

"Then you have turned an avenger, Pauline?"

"I will never rest," she replied, a wonderful light shining from the liquid depths of her dark eyes, "I will never be at peace of heart while Red Falcon lives. Yes, if you are so a mind to term it, I am an avenger in spirit, if not in act."

"Pauline," and the young man's voice grew strong with emotion, "intrust this work of vengeance to me. You, a feeble girl, could never carry out your resolutions in the face of the dangers and hardships to which it requires years for us strong and hardy men to become accustomed. Only give me some hopes for the future, Pauline, and the death of your friends shall be avenged."

"I will give you this assurance, Dick—the same that I gave my cousin, Harry Herbert: when you bring me the scalp of Red Falcon, then will I promise to become your wife."

Dick was astonished by this strange proposal. He started, and his face grew pale and red by turns, and a light of hope and joy beamed in his fine, dark-gray eyes. Advancing, he took Pauline's little soft hand in his own hard palm, and in a tone tremulous with inward emotion, he said:

"Pauline, this is indeed a happy moment to me—to receive from your lips this rather singular promise, the fulfillment of which I shall exert every effort in my power to claim at an early day. Yes, Pauline, Red Falcon's scalp you shall have from my hands, if twenty years—"

"Or," interrupted Pauline, "if Harry Herbert does not get it before you do."

"In that case, you will be lost to me forever?"

"Yes; the promise I made Harry shall be as binding as the one I have made you, and you may think strange of me for it; but I will admit that I can be equally happy as the wife of either you or Harry. Moreover, you may think me depraved and wanting in womanly sensitiveness to ask so bloody a gift as a human scalp; but I desire it as much as an assurance of your avowed love as the satisfying of my spirit that is crying out for vengeance on my friends' destroyers."

"Then you really care nothing for Captain Temple, do you, Pauline?"

"Is it not possible for me to love three, as well as two?" was her evasive reply.

"I admit it is; but you either care nothing for any of us, or love but one. And since you have made no proposition to Captain Temple for Red Falcon's scalp, I am at half inclined to believe he stands first in your heart; however, I can submit to fate and your decision, and from this moment the sole object of my labor shall be to secure the scalp of Red Falcon. I feel certain of success, too, for I think I possess advantages over Harry Herbert."

"In what respect?"

"In experience as a borderman. I have never seen Harry, but I have heard that he has only been on the border a short time."

"That's true, Dick; Harry has had but little experience on the border; and is young; so there is one thing I desire to be explicitly understood between you and me, as it shall be understood between me and Harry; and that is, a spirit of jealous rivalry between you and Harry will induce a forfeiture of my promise."

"On my part, your desire shall be gratified. I will do any thing for your love."

"Then let this be a fair understanding between us, Dick."

"It shall be, Pauline," he replied, "and I am almost tempted to promise that, within the next week, I will bring you the scalp of Red Falcon."

"Then good-by, Dick," she said, turning away toward Prairie View; "but," she continued, glancing back over her shoulder with a world of meaning in her words, "be sure that you bring me the right scalp, that of Red Falcon, the Scourge of the Prairie."

CHAPTER IV.

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

A WEEK had passed since the strange compact between Dashing Dick and Pauline Winslow. It was night, and the moon hung in a cloudless sky. A light breeze drifting across the plain from out the east bore upon its wings the clatter of horses' hoofs.

A figure, standing on the edge of the plain, caught the sound. The figure was that of our old friend, Trapper Tom. He stood within the shadows of the forest that stretched away to Clear Lake, his rifle resting upon his arm. He bent his head and listened, for amid the pounding of the approaching hoofs far across the plain, he heard fierce, savage yells.

Some one he knew was being pursued by Indians. But who could it be? Not Dashing Dick, nor the young hunter, Harry Herbert. Some of the settlers of Prairie View, he concluded, must have ventured abroad and had run into danger.

The clattering hoofs drew nearer and nearer. There must be a host of them, for he could almost feel the earth tremble beneath the shock. He can now see a number of dark objects skimming across the plain like birds. There is a score of them—they are the approaching horsemen—the pursued and the pursuers.

The old trapper draws further back into the shadows of the trees; then becomes motionless with suspense and uncertainty.

The horsemen come on. They are now within a rod of him—now within arm's reach—now gone, like the wind, into the dense shadows of the woods.

There were two of them—a man and woman. They were the fugitives from the score of mounted Indians that were thundering on in swift pursuit, but a dozen rods behind.

The old trapper got but a mere glimpse at the fugitives; but it was sufficient. It told him who they were—Dashing Dick and Pauline Winslow.

"By the shades of Tophet!" the trapper exclaimed aloud to himself, "it's Dashing Dick and Polly Winslow, and a fearful ride they're havin' o' it. Whew! their horses war white with foam, and their own faces looked like snow. And the way they were goin'! why, if 'twere n't for this speck of foam from one of the horses' flanks, still quiverin' on my hand, I'd swar they were specters, or else I'd been dreamin' in." But let me see; the shades of the forest will now give the fugitives the advantage, and they stand a good chance to escape. In case they do, they may aim for Lake Castle, and with me "My God, Pauline," cried the young hunter, "we are surrounded—we are prisoners!"

He turned his head, for no cry nor word issued from Pauline's lips. It was then that he made a startling discovery that turned his fears to surprise. By his side stood Pauline's horse, but it was riderless! The maid was gone, but where she had been spirited to, and by what silent and mysterious power, was something beyond the young hunter's comprehension!

CHAPTER V.

TRAPPER TOM IN TROUBLE.

We will now go back and follow Trapper Tom on his adventuresome trip to Clear Lake. He took his way through the woods in a course that would bring him soonest to the lake, for he felt satisfied the fugitives, Dick and Pauline, were aiming for that point. He moved quite rapidly and with less precaution than he usually observed. But his haste would not admit of much silence, and as the consequence of this, he suddenly became aware that his footsteps were being dogged by a foot bent upon mischief, or a friend in doubt as to who he was. This led him to observe greater precaution in his movements and to select a route more difficult for an enemy to follow.

This change, however, did not divert the cunning of his "evil genius," for his footsteps could still be heard, at times behind and on either side. In spite of this unknown danger, Trapper Tom held steadily on his course. His progress was finally disputed by a small creek, which, cutting his way through a high stretch of ground to seek a level with Clear Lake, had worn a deep channel whose embankments were high and projecting.

This creek and all its crossings were well known to Trapper Tom, and turning, he moved rapidly along its shore toward the lake. He knew where a large log spanned the deep channel upon which he crossed almost daily, and it was to reach this point that led him in his present course.

He soon arrived at the log—an immense tree that the storm-wind had thrown across the water-course, as Trapper Tom thought, for his especial accommodation. But that it was used by other feet than his own was evident from the fact that its upper surface was worn smooth.

As was usual with him, the old borderman stopped to make sure no one was about, before venturing out upon the log, for when directly over the center of the stream, he would be exposed to the full glare of the moon. He scanned the banks above and below, but saw nothing. Then he listened, but he heard nothing save the sullen murmur of the water far down in the narrow black rift. Even the stealthy footsteps of his late unknown follower could no longer be heard.

Pushing through the intervening thicket of bushes, the trapper stepped upon the log and began moving carefully along. His eyes were bent downward upon the narrow bridge, for he was compelled to pick each footstep with care.

He was half-way across, when his attention was arrested by something which he had never seen upon the log before. It was a slender vine extending from the log at his feet to the bank in a triangular direction. He stopped to inquire into it, for even the presence of such trifling things seldom escapes the attention and inquiry of trained bordermen.

He saw that the opposite end of the vine was lost in the shadows of the shrubbery at the brink of the chasm, and so he carefully ran his eyes along the slender object, and to his surprise, saw that it terminated in a kind of a loop which lay upon the top of the log.

He started with an inward shudder when he made this discovery, for he saw that the supposed vine was a rope made of fibrous bark, and that the circle, or the end resting on the log, was a slip-noose, and within this noose one of his feet was, already, squarely planted!

In an instant it flashed across his mind that the whole thing was the work of savage hands to entrap him, and the first movement suggested was that of retreat backward; but, even before he could move a muscle, his enemies, as if divining his very thoughts, sprung their cunning trap. The cord was jerked upward, and the noose encircling the ankle of the trapper, threw him off his balance, and he fell backward from the log, and the next instant he was hanging, head downward, over the black, roaring chasm, from the narrow bridge, over which the fatal cord became tightly and securely drawn.

Then a yell of savage triumph pealed out upon the air, and a dozen half-nude figures glided down from their covert to the edge of the chasm and gazed down upon the dangling figure of their captured foe. Some of them crept out upon the log, and with faces aglow with fendish triumph, began to howl forth their fierce and blood-curdling cries of vengeance.

The savages had lowered the old trapper about ten feet below the log and then made the rope fast to it, and in this fearful position Trapper Tom hung in mid-air over the chasm, clutching wildly at space for support.

But alas! His enemies had made their calculations well, and he found himself several feet from any object that offered him the least assistance. He was, for once in his life, completely at the mercy of his foes; and his situation was a painful one. Should the savages so desire, they could easily shoot him where he hung, or cut the rope and let him fall on the rocks below to a certain death. Nevertheless, death by either of the former ways would have been preferred by Trapper Tom to a long suspension there, for, besides all the horrors of the position, the pain itself was extremely agonizing.

He could hear the yells and jeers of those above him. He could see their forms upon the log outlined against the starry sky like colossal giants. He could see the bright moon and the dark line of forest trees that fringed either bank of the chasm, but all these were gradually assuming unnatural proportions, for his brain was growing dizzy and his eyesight dim.

The savages seemed to know that he could not last in such a position long, and as they had no desire for his speedy death, they began making arrangements to bind him where he hung, and then to draw him up at their leisure.

So a cord was fastened around the waist of a warrior, who was then lowered from the cliff by his companions to bind Trapper Tom while he was in a position where he could offer no resistance whatever to the will of his dusky captors.

Slowly and carefully was the savage lowered into the chasm. His eyes were bent downward upon the figure of the old trapper, for even while he was in such a helpless state, his enemy felt need of approaching him with caution. His feet had nearly reached those of the old borderman, when his practiced ear caught a low purring sound coming from under the ledge at the right side of the deep, yawning chasm.

A low exclamation escaped his lips, and the sound reaching the ears of his companions, they ceased lowering him to ascertain the cause of his alarm.

The savage raised his eyes and glanced toward the dark facade of the cliff. Then another cry—a cry of terror—escaped his lips, for he discovered two dull, scintillating orbs of fire fixed upon him, and back of these he could define a dark, shaggy mass of something which his savage instinct told was a panther crouched upon a projecting ledge of rock.

Had the savage remained perfectly quiet—as he doubtless would have done had he had control of his own movements—and faced the beast, he might have averted it with a fearless gaze; but the warriors above had no sooner discovered by his actions, that he was in danger, than they began to draw him up. The first movement of his body was succeeded by a low growl, then a dark figure shot out from the side of the cliff and fastened upon the Sioux.

A shriek of terror and a fierce scream rung through the chasm as the slender cord snapped in two under this additional weight, and savage and panther went whirling upon the jagged rocks below with a dull thud and groan.

In their wild descent the feet of the savage struck the form of Trapper Tom and set it to oscillating to and fro across the chasm. The old trapper made frantic efforts to reach the side of the cliff as he swung almost within reach of it. He could touch it, but his strength was too near gone to maintain a hold upon the sharp points, but, as he swung in toward the west cliff the second time he suddenly felt himself seized by unknown hands and his return across the chasm prevented.

Was it a friend that had seized him? The thought had scarcely occurred to him, when a low voice whispered:

"Grasp the vines, old Tom, and hold on for dear life, till I get your heels below your head—there, steady!"

Stealing a Heart:

OR, THE RIVAL HALF-SISTERS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK HAND," "IRON AND GOLD," "RED SCORPION," "PEARL OF THRILLA," "HEROIC DEEDS," "HUNGRIE," "CAT AND TIGER," "SLAKING TALK," "BLACK CRESSENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE VICTIM OF FATE.

MANY months have passed—a period marked by strange doings in the land, north and west.

At the tavern of the "Lion" a number of men were congregated, standing about in small groups, conversing excitedly, yet in low tones. Throughout the Southern States there prevailed a frenzy without a name—cities, towns and villages were turbulent with the spirit of a sudden discord; and over the country arose the startling mutterings of secession.

We bring the reader to the epoch of the late civil war. But we have naught to do with its political detail or aspect.

In the special vicinity with which we have been dealing, the "Lion" became the head-center of arguing people and incendiary discourse; and the assemblers round the bar and on the porch were doubly warmed by liquor and discussion.

Near the patriarchal oak, at one end of the house—the favorite nook of the host—sat Simon Manning, with bowed head and a dreamily vacant look in his age-dimmed eyes.

A shadow had closed in on the old man's life; and, to an observer, the unsteady form, the face, with its outline of sorrow, the snowy hair that waved about his shoulders, these presented a picture to awaken a quick sympathy.

It had been a hard blow, indeed, to Simon, when he heard the terrible charge preferred against his adopted son. He doted on the boy—he would not believe him guilty; and more than once had tears of grief streamed from his weary eyes during the lapse of time since the close of our last chapter.

He took no part in the noisy element surrounding him; he only sat there—as he had been wont of late—idly thoughtful, yet with a sad yearning to see again the once merry youth who had grown up as his child. He felt lonely and tired; and oftentimes, as he murmured beneath what was, to him, a sore affliction, he wished himself at rest in the grave, away from the tumults of the earth and its vexatious trials.

William Manning had not been seen nor heard of since the night of the shooting affair in the grove at Myrtleworth.

The fat proprietor of the "Lion" had employed assistance at his bar in consequence of the rush and demand. That worthy presently came out upon the porch.

"Hello, Si! Still dreamin' 'bout that boy?" The speaker's voice was rather rough; he had been drinking. Simon glanced up sharply at him.

"Yes," he said, slowly, nodding his head, as his eyes again wandered over the road.

"What's the use, Si?"

"How can I help it? You don't know how I loved him. I am praying to see him once more before I die."

"But, he's innocent—"

"Don't you believe it. Where's he been at all along? Don't you s'pose we'd give him a opportunity to clear up the charge?"

"Much chance he'd have among you!" with a tremor.

"Why, we ain't bears, Si. If he can only prove himself a 'bused man—"

"As it is, you know he can't do that. Who is his friend to-day—you?"

"Just as good a one as he's got—"

"Which is not saying much."

"Ha! ha! ha! Well, he hadn't oughter done it, now."

"I remember when you were glad to have William's friendship."

"That's so—"

"There never was a boy around here as good as he."

"That's so, Si—"

"And, because some one has charged him with a dark deed, those who were once his friends now turn upon him to kill him. It comes of jealousy. You never were his true friend, or you would not think so of him."

"Can't help it, Si; when a man commits

murder—string 'im up. An' we'll catch him yet. Mind."

"What proof have you?—what proof? All false, I say; false as your own heart toward him. And as you have judged him, so will you be judged in time."

The fat personage made no answer. He moved away, mumbling something incoherent.

During the conversation a party, who appeared to be considerably under the influence of liquor, was leaning, suddenly against a near post. He seemed pithily engrossed with the effort to retain his perpendicular, and oblivious to all things save his top-heavy condition. But, when the dialogue terminated, this individual reeled away with a drunken stagger, going up the road.

A short distance from the tavern he turned into the adjacent forest, and plunged along through its shaded recesses.

As he went, his gait became steadier, his step swifter. Presently he halted and gazed back over the path he had come.

He tore away the false gray beard that was upon his face; and, as he stood, pale, motionless, thoughtful, there was wet in the familiar brown eyes.

It was William Manning.

Since the night on which he fled from the scene of Gowan's death, he had haunted the woods, like an animal beset—pursued, hunted, a human quarry for those who now hated as they had once esteemed him.

His sleeping-place was a burrow, which he had discovered among the hills; his food was what his rifle brought down when not in dangerous proximity to those who searched for him.

In the daytime he climbed into the branches of some high tree, and watched his unflinching pursuers beneath; at night he could hear the bay of a bloodhound, which these thirsty enemies were trying to set on his track.

Why did he not fly?—go far from the locality, and seek safety among strangers? He had asked himself the question; but something held him there—a vague hope, perhaps, that he might establish his innocence; and trusting to Providence to relieve him of the incubus spotting his existence, nerve and strengthened his heart under the frowning ordeal.

On this visit in disguise to the "Lion" he learned sufficient to convince him that he was still in danger. And, at last, worn dreary, despairing of hope, he resolved to quit the vicinity forever.

For some moments he stood there, in the lone silence of the woods, overwhelmed with burning thoughts. But, then, his eyes brightened—became stern; he stooped and drew his trusty rifle from a hollow log at his feet.

"Good-by, old home—and sunny, sunny South," he uttered, clenching his teeth to stay the tremor of his tone, "I may never come back again, but, if I do, it will be to show these false curs of friends how rankly I am abused, and how unjustly I am despised."

Throwing his rifle across his shoulder, he stalked on with a firm tread, dashing away the glistening tears of regret which all his manhood could not smother.

Ere sunset he was miles and miles away, making for the north.

Night had drawn upon the earth. The hours were advancing.

Strange sights and sounds were prevalent throughout the State.

Figures tramped the narrow wood-paths with the stealth of specters, gliding from house to house; and in the intervals of space, lanterns were flashing their red glowing glimmer, moving from point to point.

Here and there, in the forest, upon the fields, these nocturnal lights were to be seen; and from out the depths of the darkness came a low muttering.

Some great excitement was progressing, yet the ominous tones were of a guarded murmur.

The very air grew pregnant with an awful significance; the stillness of the gloom was but a calm preceding some dread outbreak.

And there were—even in the circle of these ghastly doings—who wondered what meant the tread of tip-toeing shades amid the murk, and why the presence of those will-o'-the-wisps darting, gliding, waving in this direction and that, like signals of import or enigmatical beacons.

But when morning dawned the mystery was no longer a mystery—that memorable Seventeenth of April!

Long before midday they who had wondered on the night previous, joined the half-smothered shout that rose in the throats of thousands; and the murmur grew louder and louder, till at last came the words:

"Virginia has seceded!"

The fact of the passage of the ordinance of secession was to be held sacred; but, quick as the kindle of chips among the sparks, and quicker than the intelligence of the mail, it flashed broadcast.

The seeds of revolution, for so long sown and growing while the State professed to maintain its place in the Union, now took decided root, under the last essential impetus, and shot forth the first apparent fruits of discord from the beligerent tree.

INTERLUDE.

The scene is one of awe and magnificence, to which the pen can not adequately call attention; the sight of a vast army in motion.

Divisions were advancing from Arlington Heights, Long Bridge, Alexandria—forward toward Manassas; Tyler on the right, Heintzelman on the left, Hunter in the center; Fairfax Court-house at the common front.

Masses of men pouring onward like living streams; glittering swords and bayonets flashing and scintillating in the sunbeams, darting reflections from their deadly points and edges—a prickly bosom of steel that swayed and varied far along the avenue of vision.

Over obstructions of every conceivable kind; crushing down, by arm and tramp, the never-ending obstacles prepared by an ingenious enemy; platoon after platoon, like the unnumbered waves of the ocean; seas of faces, and suits of blue; and here and there a fluttering ensign, or the gray colors of the stars and stripes.

The scene changes.

Forward to Centerville!

Thousands of hearts were pulsing fast; throbs of fear, beats of courage, the strangely stern fire of valor that nerve brave men and even stimulate the coward.

Fearlessness and dread combined; pale faces, but stout breasts and muscles rigid as iron; souls prepared for death, and the prayers of heroes whispered lowly in the bristling ranks.

Still on. Tramp! Tramp! the muffled footsteps of the marchers; the dull rumble of artillery, with snorting horses and statue-like riders; sabred cavaliers in prancing companies; the hoarse orders of commanders, and words of inspiration passed from man to man.

The scene changes.

On to Bull Run!

Already the precursors of battle were awakened. Heavy guns were rousing the explosive echoes of their tone; batteries were opening from the right of the mountain stream.

Missiles of death were shrieking through the

air; the first wails of agony pierced the ears of near friends and companions.

But, on! No falter—not the weakest soldier flinching in the ghastly prospect—driving in the merciless batteries on the Confederate reserves that lay close behind.

Gallantly, intrepidly forward, despite the raining fire from invisible foes; and although ball and shell was mowing down the weary, worn, yet courageous army, there was no waver—only the dark scowl of determined warriors, and the loud ring of the battle cry!

The scene changes.

A red tableau that the fiercest poet can not picture—a vortex defying the brush of an artist!

The dreadful carnage on the field of conflict! The roar of musketry and mad shouts; the belching of cannon, and the screaming, hurtling showers of ball and slug. Lines and lines of shining gun-barrels, the flashing and crackling of a myriad rifles, with stricken men falling like leaves in autumn before the horrible blast.

Round and round the field of miles whirled and surged the well-drilled soldiery, choking in the smoke, grimed by the burning powder, going down, in martyrdom, before the incessant pour of shot and shell.

Horses, riderless and bleeding, tearing wildly about; forms cold and stiff, and dead to the hellish din, lying on the trampled ground—a sward crimsoned and gory in the lavish tide—a fair soil dyed in the precious blood of the Nation's sons.

From tree and bush, from burrow, mask and fastness came the deluge of destruction; from covert, knoll and embankment flamed forth the thunderous cannon.

Down the chasm belowered the terrible voices of Ayers' and Carlisle's batteries—answered and echoed by others fierce and active, from Union Mills Ford to the Stone Bridge.

The shrill notes of the bugle! Through the volumes of smoke, over the level of gore, charged the cavalry—a rolling, irresistible tide, stemming the current of lead—sweeping like an avalanche into the denest of the strife!

The wailing whistle of the rifles! The tread roll of the drums!—noises, shrieks, maelstroms, havocs, all in one, rising upward on the transgressed holiness of that cloudless Sabbath.

In the hot blaze of noon the fight waged at its height of fury. Men were demons. Brothers knew not brothers, nor the father his son. Faces grew black with dirt and frowns; teeth were locked like vices, and half-naked humans fought with panting breaths and hearts at a stand-still. The killed and maimed lay scattered as they fell; the soul might well shudder at the horrid devastation of the day.

Three o'clock.

On the Confederate side, the cry for Johnston rung from post to post. Among the forces of the Union, prayers for the success of Patterson's proposed interception of the expected Blucher, were murmured by hopeful thousands.

But, Johnston came!—fresh, eager, and in numbers, he threw himself, like the hawk upon its prey, into the battle a whirlpool.

The valor of brave men sunk.

Back, back from the jaws of death shrank the wasted and disheartened army. Back from the dear-bought field, back from the rivers of blood, yielding slowly, inch by inch, the ground that had been gained across the corpse of many a loved associate.

The bugle changed its call to sound the retreat; and the drums, with an expiring strength, beat the tenor of a panic.

The day was lost to the men of the North.

The scene changes.

Retreating toward Centerville! History has laid before us the awful grandeur and curdling panorama of that routed army, fleeing in the symbolical discord of defeat and fear.

Men, horses, wagons, disorganized artillery—a panic-stricken host—all confused, jumbled, interwoven in nameless compactness; where none paused to aid a sufferer, and lives were sacrificed in the frantic struggle of a reckless flight.

A tumultuous flow of human beings—they who had fought, all day long, through the heat and terrors of the conflict—surging, frenzied, uncontrollable, back, back to Centerville.

Among the mass of soldiery and *drabs*, was one with whom we have to do. Around his forehead was tightly wrapped a handkerchief stained and wet with the liquid of his veins.

He was flying with the rest; but the expression of his face was more of regret than fear.

It was William Manning—clothed in blue and epaulets, bathed in his own blood, which gushed from a wound on his brow.

As he passed a lone tree that grew near the remnants of a fence, a voice rose above the worse-than-Bedlam-like dinning, calling to him to stop.

"William Manning! William Manning!" cried the voice.

He halted, unable to distinguish the direction of the sound.

"William Manning! Here—by this tree! Come to me! In the name of Heaven, do not pass me!"

Then he saw a form lying, with shoulders elevated, at the foot of the tree by the road.

In a moment, he was kneeling beside the one who had shouted to him.

"He is dead! Weston!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it is I! Oh, Heaven!—I am dying!"

"No, no; not yet. You are badly wounded; but you may live. Drink this."

Weston gulped down a deep draught from the proffered canteen; then his eyes rolled upward in a glassy stare to the young man who bent over him.

"There—you are better now. Can't you walk? Try. Get up. I'll aid you."

"No, I tell you I am dying. Look at my neck—nay, don't try to examine the wound; it is useless. I am going. There is no chance. I did not expect to meet you here. But, I have been searching for you ever since—ever since that night when Gowan was killed. I—"

"Ha!—go on, Hendrick Weston." Manning leaned over.

The speaker's voice was failing rapidly.

"I have something to tell you," he continued, quickly, and with an effort; "our meeting is providential. I have hunted in vain for you, to say that—that—oh! my strength! my strength! it is going."

"Drink!" urged Manning, placing the canteen again to his lips.

"In my pocket," Weston gasped, "you will find some papers. Take them. They will benefit you. I have wronged you deeply—"

"Wronged me?"

"Yes"—a faint, painful whisper, "I have wronged—wrong—" the sentence was unfinished; a shiver convulsed the frame of the dying man; his soul went out on its long journey through the skies.

Hendrick Weston did not live to carry out his threat of vengeance on Coral St. Sylvan, nor to obtain the satisfaction he sought on account of the treachery of Henry Yost. Gently lowering the dead man's head from his lap, Manning extracted the papers referred to from his pocket. Not divining what they could contain, nor with time to peruse them at the moment, he secured

them about his person, and was about to plunge again into the stream of the flying regiments. As he arose, a hand gripped his collar, and some one shouted, in a wild, triumphant accent:

"At last, you cur! At last I've found you!" He wheeled—to be confronted by the face of Henry Yost! The gambler held a revolver leveled at his head, and hissed, fiercely:

"William Manning—cowardly assassin! your time has come!"

"Hands off, you scoundrel!"

"No. You die here! You killed Jasper Gowan, who was the best friend I had in the world—you shot him as only a murderer would. I swore to hunt you down to your death—and you perish with the rest at Bull Run!"

Quick as the coil of a snake, Manning grasped with him. A savage struggle ensued. Then came the flash of the revolver in the gambler's hand, and the young man staggered backward, groping blindly.

In the same moment another figure appeared upon the scene—a little form that sped forward like an arrow, and struck Yost a blow which felled him to the earth. Manning lay prostrate on his face; the gambler sunk insensibly under the ax-like stroke of the avenger.

Then the new-comer knelt by the young farmer, and raised him tenderly.

"William Manning, wake up!" he almost hissed. "You must not die. Do you hear me? We have both too much to live for. Rouse, I say!"

Slowly Manning opened his eyes. He gazed upon a familiar face—features brown and handsome, where brilliant eyes glauced down with a hopeful eagerness.

"Do you know me?"

"Yes. You are Max, the mad boy."

"Not mad, William Manning!—not the Max you once met at the cabin of Bec. Foulard! Listen to me. I have a strange tale to tell you. I am your half-brother. I am Mark St. Sylvain!"

Far off to the north-west of the defeated army, a glimmering light shone in the sky. There was a large fire in the distance, as if it were a burning building—the glare of which reflected along the line of railroad from Fairfax, and nearly to Alexandria.

Gradually the luminous sheen grew more brilliant, till the heavens glowed in a weird, wavering day of crimson.

Myrlsworth was in flames!

CHAPTER XIX.

AN ALTERED LIFE.

THE city of Washington, in the year 1865. It was a disagreeable day in the early part of the first season, when the warmth of overcoats was still comfortable, and the less hardy were well muffled. Though the sun shone brightly, there was little heat in its rays; and people walked fast to keep up an active circulation.

The hour was nearly 4 P. M. Clerks and employees were already coming from the various departments.

Moving swiftly along the pavement before the Treasury Building was the figure of a female, plainly clad, and with a thick green veil drawn tightly about her face—a "Treasury Girl," one of those busy bees who have suffered the cruellest derisions of modern aristocracy, and the vilifications of caustic-tipped sneerers.

As a class, these weary, yet praise-deserving toilers, have struggled under heartless abuses and sharp stings of enmity at the hands of self-constituted judges, till it would seem that society (that bubble-hollow source of phenomenal edicts) had selected them as special objects of hate, and sought to curse them by rank stories and vile hints; aiming barbs of reflection, as unholly as unjust, from tapestried salons or temples of feast. But the wiser, truer perception has discovered in these same "Treasury Girls"—not alone the fairest, purest buds that ever burst in beauty, but minds of cultivation; intellectual capabilities that many a butterfly-belle might envy; accomplishments that are the fruits of modest diligence, rather than glided training; impulses to share the selfless charities of gloved nobles; and brows of snow, fitted for the crown-diamonds of royalty.

The young girl of whom we speak had just come out of the building, and was hastening like others homeward.

On the opposite side at the corner of F street a man was standing. The moment he saw her his eyes riveted upon her and watched after her intently.

"It must be she," he muttered. "I am sure. For a whole week now I have waited here, at the same hour every day, to catch a glimpse of her. I can not be mistaken; I could swear to this form."

Acting upon a sudden resolution, he followed her.

She crossed, and continued on New York Avenue. As she neared Fourteenth street a hand touched her arm, and a voice said:

"I beg your pardon; but—"

"She halted, and recoiled with a little cry. It was Myrtle.

"Miss St. Sylvain! Ah! I was certain of it."

"Mr. Yost!—you here?"

"Did I frighten you?"

"—yes. I hardly expected to see you."

"And I'm sure, the surprise is mutual. But, we are old friends. Shall I have the pleasure of escorting you home?"

"Oh, certainly. I have not very far to go."

"And—she added, loudly, "I do not live as comfortably as I once did, Mr. Yost."

"How have you been, since I saw you last?" he asked, as they moved on. "Quite a while, when I came to reckon it."

"As well as I could hope for," was the low reply.

Then a silence ensued. Yost was puzzling himself with trying to imagine what it could mean—why Myrtle St. Sylvain was in Washington city?—and why she was an employee in the Treasury. This was the first time he had seen her, since the afternoon of their brief conversation in the grove, at Myrlsworth.

And Myrtle's mind, at the moment, was filled with thoughts of what Hendrick Wayne had said to her—the warning she had received against the handsome, fashionably dressed young man who walked by her side. She wondered, too, upon the strangeness of his finding her, as, for reasons of her own, she had endeavored to conceal her true identity from every one, and was filling her position in the department under a fictitious name.

Neither noticed the silent mood of the other, for each was engrossed absently.

Myrtle did not live very far from there. Presently, she paused before an unpretending residence.

"Here is my home, Mr. Yost. Will you walk in?"

"If I will not intrude? It has been so long since we met, you know."

She led the way into a small, plainly furnished parlor, where a cheery fire burned beneath the mantelpiece. There was very little furniture—rather a bare look about the room; but there pervaded an air of sweetness and sanctity that was, in itself, contentment.

When she had removed her cape, hat and veil, Yost's veins warmed at sight of the lovely face; he experienced all the passion that took

possession of him when he first knew her, at the old Virginia home.

"By Jove!" he thought, "more beautiful than ever!"

"How did you happen to find me, Mr. Yost?" she inquired, seating herself near him.

"Why, about a week ago, I was passing the Treasury, and I saw you come out. I was only half-assured of its being you, though; so, every day since, at 4 P. M., I have watched for you. I feel decidedly happy in what I have discovered."

"I suppose, then, you have observed that I am a 'Treasury girl'?"

"I concluded you must be engaged in the department—yes."

Myrtle drew her chair closer to the fire, to warm her feet, and her deep blue eyes bent dreamily on the glowing coals.

"I am living in a strange manner, I guess you think, Mr. Yost," she said, after a pause, during which he gazed burningly upon her. "I am one of the busy workers, now."

"Do you live alone here?"

"Oh, no; I have two very dear companions. We three combine our small salaries, and manage to live with some comforts and no luxuries. I do not think I have much to complain of. I have found some honest friends, and I need not sigh for trifling wants."

"But, Miss St. Sylvain—really—now, it may be impertinent; what could have induced you to leave Myrlsworth so suddenly? It was almost like running away."

She started at the question, and the beautiful face grew pale; the roses that had been summoned to her cheeks, by coming from the cold air into the warm room, vanished strangely.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 170.)

Miss Kizzy's Boarder.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"GOOD-MORNING, madam!" Miss Kizzy started and nearly dropped the pan of peas from her lap, as the frank, manly tones struck her ear. She looked up hastily and saw a tall young fellow leaning over her cottage gate.

"Good-morning, sir," said Miss Kizzy, putting on the winning smile she always meant to bestow upon young gentlemen.

"You have a lovely place here," remarked the stranger.

"Very charming place," assented Miss Kizzy. "Are you the lady of the house?" asked the stranger.

"I have that honor," said Miss Kizzy, pompously.

"Then how would you like to take a boarder a few weeks this summer?"

Miss Kizzy scented both pleasure and profit at once, but it was not best to be too willing. So she parleyed a little.

"Well, really, I don't know, sir. We are rather exclusive—don't make a practice of taking every one in."

"Oh, of course. Just the sort of family I should like to stay with," said the young man, who fancied the pretty place, and saw at once whom he had to deal with. "I can give the best references," he added.

"Of course we should require that. Or I should, rather, for no one lives with me but my niece, Bessie, a mere child, too young to judge grave affairs. Suppose you walk in, sir, where we can converse more at our ease?"

The man entered the little gate, and took the chair Miss Kizzy offered him, on the vine-wreathed porch.

"I come from New York," said he, at once. "I am an artist, and wish to make sketches in this village and vicinity this summer. I want a nice, quiet place to board, where I can be at my ease, and have leisure for my painting uninterrupted."

"Exactly," said Miss Kizzy, coming now to business, for she did not mean to let this chance slip. "I have a room which I think will suit you. You shall see it, if you like. Step in, please."

The young artist followed the lady, who wasn't as young as she tried to be, into the neat cottage, and up the stairs, catching one glimpse of a light form, and fresh young face which vanished as they went up, and which his keen artist eye longed to see again.

The cool, airy chamber into which Miss Kizzy ushered him, was delightfully inviting, and the young artist soon made liberal terms for it, giving his name as Paul Carlton, and making arrangements to take possession at once.

He glanced around as they passed downstairs, but the sweet young face was not visible anywhere, and he had to content himself with a hope of seeing it at dinner.

His hopes were realized, for as they gathered around the neat, dainty table, the light figure in a lilac calico flitted in, and Miss Kizzy, with a condescending air, introduced her niece, Miss Bessie Crofton.

The young girl gave one glance upward, and Paul's eyes met a pair as blue and humid as wood violets when the dew is on them, and a faint rose-tint stained the fair cheek, as she returned his salutation.

He judged she must be about eighteen, but Miss Kizzy evidently regarded her as very youthful indeed, addressed her as "child," and did not ask her opinion on anything.

Paul took his cue readily; he talked to Miss Kizzy, and made himself very entertaining, but he looked at Bessie Crofton, and after dinner spent an hour sketching faces with soft blonde hair and eyes like wood violets.

After supper Miss Kizzy graciously informed him that they generally spent their evenings on the pleasant porch, and invited him to join their circle. He complied willingly, asking if he might be allowed to smoke a cigar, and receiving permission, Miss Kizzy declaring, "She was different from most young ladies, and really loved the perfume of a good cigar."

"So do I," said Paul, smiling, because he could not help it, and mentally wondering if Miss Kizzy would ever see forty again.

Pretty Bessie brought up a piece of work in her hands, and sat down to employ the few remaining minutes of daylight. Paul noticed that the small, shapely hands were not so white as they might have been; which, considering their intimate acquaintance with the kitchen, was not at all wonderful.

As the twilight deepened, Miss Kizzy brought out an ancient guitar, very rusty as to its lower strings, and very much out of tune as to its higher, and sang several songs in a voice as cracked as the guitar. Paul stood it patiently as long as he could, but when she got through "Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming," looking sentimentally at Paul all the time, he said, gently:

"The evening air is so damp, Miss Kizzy, I'm afraid you will injure your throat, if you sing longer. Perhaps Miss Bessie will favor us?"

"I do not sing," answered Bessie, sweetly.

"I am sure you could if you tried," said Paul. "Bessie has never received any instruction in music yet," explained Miss Kizzy. "When she gets a little older I intend to teach her."

"Heaven forbid!" thought Paul. And lest Miss Kizzy should sing again, he begged to be excused, saying he felt like enjoying a moonlight stroll.

"Oh, yes, a moonlight stroll is most delightful of all things," said Miss Kizzy. "I enjoy them so much."

But Paul didn't take the little hint she dropped, so she went into her chamber, and went to rest, elated with dreams which would have struck Paul dumb with amazement and helplessness with amusement if he had been the wiser of them.

The place was really a lovely one, and Paul enjoyed his sketching as only an enthusiast can enjoy any work. Miss Kizzy, if she did have some little weaknesses, was a good housekeeper and set a dainty table. He found himself very comfortable.

He wished for but one thing more, that was a little larger share of pretty Bessie's society. Her sweet face and blue eyes haunted Paul constantly, but he seldom saw her, except at the table, or a fleeting glance as she tripped about the house intent on household duties.

But one lucky afternoon he was wandering in the woodland, in search of a picturesque elm tree, when he suddenly came upon the very tree, and upon something else besides—for at its mossy feet sat Bessie Crofton, reading a volume of "Gail Hamilton."

She rose, blushing, as he came near, and would have hastened away at once, but Paul begged her to stay.

"I have longed so much to make a sketch of you," he said; "please give me the privilege now."

"I'm afraid aunt Kizzy won't like it," said Bessie.

"We won't tell aunt Kizzy any thing about it," said Mr. Paul, arranging his materials. "Please sit just as you are a little while."

As he sketched they talked, and Paul found Bessie by no means ignorant or uninformed.

The afternoon passed so quickly the sun began to set before they were aware how low it was, and Bessie flew swiftly homeward "to help aunt Kizzy get supper."

Paul, held by some secret intuition from accompanying her, lingered longer, and at last reached home by another route. But he had made Bessie promise to come again the next day, and let him finish the sketch.

Bessie came; nor was that the last evening they spent in the shades of the green woodland—but aunt Kizzy sung songs to her cracked guitar and never guessed at it.

Paul painted a copy of his sketch, but he kept it securely hidden behind a curtain in his own room. The few weeks of his stay had lengthened into more than two months, when, one afternoon, aunt Kizzy went out to pay a visit, and left Bessie at home. She had not been gone half an hour when Paul came in, and, finding Bessie alone, asked her to go upstairs and look at his picture.

With some hesitation she complied, and Paul withdrew the curtain that she might see her image.

"Oh, I was never half so beautiful!" she cried, smiling and blushing.

"You are much more beautiful," said Paul, with an earnest gaze at her.

"Hush, you must not talk so to me. I am not used to flattery," said Bessie.

"The honest praise of those who love us is not flattery, dear Bessie," said Mr. Paul, gravely. And, as she cast a half-startled glance up into his face, he laid one hand on her arm, and added:

"Yes, dear Bessie—why should I not say it? I have a right, darling, for I love you. Can you return it, Bessie?"

Well, I could not hear Bessie's answer, but Paul, for the next moment, he drew the shrinking, yet yielding, little figure to his heart, and—

But there, I don't think I need tell any more. Aunt Kizzy was amazed when she came home that night. But it would not do to show her own disappointment, and, as Bessie told her they meant to take her to New York to live with them, I think she felt pretty well reconciled.

New York was better than Elm-glen, even if one didn't have a husband. And I'm sure Miss Kizzy did not regret taking her summer boarder.

Jamie's Wife.

BY DARD BEST.

I WAS terribly cross that night. Every thing had gone wrong all day, and I had so much to do in the way of cake-baking, and seeing to a thousand things besides. We were to give a grand supper on this thirtieth anniversary of our wedding day.

"Deary me!" I thought, peering into the oven to see how the turkeys were getting on, "I can't believe it has been thirty years since Tom and I stood up before Preacher Higgins to get married—it really doesn't seem that long, but Preacher Higgins has been dead and gone these twenty years, Tom's hair is as white as the flour at the mill, and I—Well, I don't feel so very old yet, and wouldn't realize the change so much if I hadn't Jamie, here, with me," and I glanced at our only child—a man now in years, but to me always a child; for he had never grown in stature since ten long years ago, when they brought him in, mangled and bleeding, his feet crippled for life, caused by a fall from a beam in the mill. I thought it would kill me at first to see my own darling tramping around on crutches, but somehow I got used to it—so used to it, indeed, that when Jamie asked me that anniversary morning if I would take Dora for my daughter, I flared up at him, and answered him more sharply and bitterly than I should have thought possible for me to answer my idolized boy.

What right had he to leave me for Dora? Not that I disliked the girl, though she was a strange sort of body—living first at one house, and then at another. Our neighbors were all working people, and managed to get along without hired help, except field-hands or some such man-labor; it was only at house-cleaning times that Dora was needed steadily, or when sewing was going to be done, at marriages or funerals. It was a hap-lazard way of getting one's bread, but Dora was always busy; for she was as handy at boy's work as any lad in the village, and had the advantage of being more intelligent.

If I had pondered over the matter a little more, I would soon have seen, no doubt, that Dora would be just the wife for my son; she was energetic, robust, strong and smart; while he was the crippled son of a hard-working miller, who could leave him no moneys or estate when he died; and me, his mother, who could only leave him to the mercy of the world when my life was ended.

But I stole my jealous heart against his pleadings, giving him short, angry replies, until he could stand it no longer, and hobbled away on his crutches, slowly and tremblingly, toward the mill.

My heart cried out for him; but I stifled its reproaches, and gave vent to my ugly feeling by spitefully dashing all manner of kitchen utensils that happened in my way out onto the porch. After the turkeys were tanned brown enough, and the cakes were done, the excitement that had kept me in a flurry all day left me, and I sat down in the disordered kitchen, and had a good, long, hard cry over my poor boy.

Still, I felt as if it was Dora's fault, and tried to hush my accusing conscience by blaming her.

By sundown all was in readiness to receive the expected guests. Dora had come early to help me about the tables, and I had treated her so coldly that her usually bright, sunny look fled from her face and seemed to cast a gloomy cloud over the house.

Tom and Jamie came in late from the mill, for it was being repaired and the master's eye was required incessantly. Jamie stopped on the porch, and before my very eyes—with never a hint that he saw the anger flashing out of them—he drew Dora's face down to his and kissed her.

Then I was mad, and said things that made them tremble at their bitterness, and he and Jamie never answered me, but limped upstairs to his own little room and stayed there several hours; as for Dora, she disappeared.

By twos and threes the guests began to congregate in my little best room until it was crowded, and they were forced to move on into the other rooms, or scatter about the garden. The young folks chose the latter place, as the big full moon, that seemed too heavy ever to rise above our heads, was floating slowly up over the eastern hills, and every thing was laden with the dewy fragrances of the flowers. The lovers looked so blissful and happy that it made me almost sorry I had driven poor Jamie away from Dora by my fearful tongue-lashing; but my bark was worse than my bite, and it was Jamie's own fault if he hadn't found that out long ago.

For the next hour or so I forgot Jamie; but, when supper-time came, I ran up-stairs to his little room and peeped in. He lay stretched out on the bed by the window in the moonlight, which was as bright as day, showing me plainly his poor dwarfed feet, his mis-shapen limbs, and his grand, wide forehead. He was still dressed, but his even-drawn breath assured me he was sleeping; so I quietly descended the stairs, and invited my merry guests to partake of the supper I had prepared for them. My face I wreathed in smiles, and none knew that the miller's wife did not joy in the gayety of the hour.

After supper the lovers went out in pairs into the moonlight, the older folks returned to the parlor, and I, being left to myself, ran up-stairs, laden with good things—a peace-offering for my Jamie.

I opened the door. I could never make you understand the horrible loneliness and emptiness that was in that little room—Jamie was not there.

I alone knew of the dangerous somnambulant habits of my son, and now, in heartrending tones, I called to my friends to aid me in my frantic search from garret to cellar, but to no avail.

Suddenly the belle of the village, a miss full of nerves and fancies, came rushing into the house, screaming: "A ghost! A ghost!"

"What?" I cried, feeling sure it was Jamie she had seen.

"Moving, in short, slow steps, along the scaffolding of the mill!"

"Oh, my God, save him!" and I rushed out to the mill, followed by a crowd of awe-stricken men and women.

Yes, there he was, high up on the outside scaffolding of the mill, walking, with closed eyes, along the moonlit plank. My very life-blood seemed clogged about my heart; I could not stir nor beseech the men to go after him. On he came toward a place that was laid far out over the deep, fast-flowing race, the noise of his crutches ringing out in the awful silence, as every step brought him nearer to death.

Tramp—tramp—he was almost to the end now; yet we dared not move lest we should wake him and make death a certainty. Nearer—nearer—every wrong I had done him, every sharp word I had unwittingly given him came like an accusing devil, torturing me to agony, as I stood there watching him draw slowly toward the end of the scaffolding.

One more step will bring him to his death—oh, my darling! my darling! I clutched Tom's sleeve—Tom who stood there, numb and almost paralyzed. Suddenly over the roof, with catlike steps, crept the lithesome figure of a woman, who came to the edge, swung herself down to the scaffolding, and was close upon him as he stood upon the verge of eternity. With wonderful presence of mind she wrapped her strong right arm firmly around a projecting beam, then quickly seized him with the other. He opened his eyes and looked about him without seeming to comprehend his situation, until, looking down, he saw far below him the black line of the swift-moving race.

With a cry he reeled like a drunken man, while his crutches fell from his uplifted hands, his poor crippled limbs tottered beneath the unaccustomed weight of his body, and the woman and he fell down—down—into the deep water. Then I fainted.

When I opened my eyes again, the men were carrying Jamie and Dora, dripping and water-soaked, but living still, thank God, into the house. I fell on my knees before them as they lay glistening with water-drops on the little horse-hair sofas, and kissed the dear ones who were saved for me, and cried like a baby for their forgiveness.

Dora drew my face to her and whispered, softly, in my ear: "Our mother!" and then I knew I was the happiest old woman on a fair earth. By and by her pretty color all came back, and she slipped away from us to change her drenched clothes for dry ones.

And Jamie? When he was warm and dry he lay upon the sofa, his face lit up with a smile that glorified the little room; it spoke voicelessly of his blissful happiness, and the eyes he turned upon his foolish old mother were brimful of tender love and thankfulness.

Thus ended our thirtieth anniversary; and, when the next one came, my daughter, Dora, was the sweetest, most sensible little bride that ever gained a mother's love by her unselfish heroism.

Gay Walters' Masquerading.

BY EVE LAWLESS.

THE Craigs—mother and daughter—set themselves up somewhat above their neighbors—for what reason was always a mystery, and how it came about that they advertised to take a gentleman boarder for the summer, passed more than one gossip's comprehension. But the affair was simple enough. Miss Araminta Craig had been in the matrimonial market for many years. Her charms were not appreciated by those who had wealth to boast of, and she was too proud to accept as a suitor any young man of the village class. She thought, by taking a gentleman boarder from the city, there might be a prospect of changing her title of Miss into Mrs.

And there had come an answer to the advertisement, from a gentleman who had tired of city life, and desired to be accommodated in a quiet country home. This was to prove the turning-point in Araminta Craig's life.

Was she to be wife or maid? The city boarder must decide. To the few whom the Craigs considered to notice they said that they did not take a boarder in expectation of making

any money, nor did they desire to do so, but congenial society was what they wished.

Nellie Miller had been over to the house to help "fix up," and found the Craigs more "topping" than ever, and so she told her widowed mother when she came home.

Little did the haughty Miss C. care what the meek little Nellie thought. Her attention was all upon herself, and sitting in all the regal splendor of a watered-silk dress—very inappropriate for the season, but the best thing she had—waiting to meet her fate, as she expressed it.

This same "fate" was the handsome Gay Walters—all heroes are handsome—black curly hair, finely chiseled nose, eyes dark as coals, and delicate mustache, just strong enough not to hide a set of pearl-white teeth. Everybody liked Gay, though he was fond of his practical jokes, but never meant any harm by them.

Gay had arrived by the morning train, which thundered up to the little station swept by the river's side, and as the cold air swept the curls back from his forehead, he was forced to confess that the sea breeze was delightful.

How tempting the water did look! Tempting enough to wish he was on it. No, he didn't want to fish; he desired to sit at ease and float along just as the current was a mind to take him.

Nellie's mother kept a couple of boats for the use of travelers and visitors, and to her Walters applied for one. Of course he encountered the pretty Nellie, and noticed her sweet expression. How different she seemed from the overdressed ladies he had seen in the city!

Well, he hired the boat and went, on his sail. As he had nothing to do particularly, he thought to himself:

He didn't say, "By Jove, that was a dented pretty girl," as most young men in stories do, for he detested the nearest approach to swearing.

He thought how innocent Nellie looked, and wondered whether the Miss Craig he was to board in the house with, was as charming. He may have thought also that when he married, he would desire just such a wife as Nellie.

And while he was thinking of all these things, he did not notice that his boat was nearing the falls, but the object of his thoughts had done so, for seeing his danger, she had launched her boat, and it was not long ere she had overtaken him. He was brought to consciousness by hearing her exclaim, "Jump for your life!"

The mandate was obeyed; the little boat shot over the falls like a winged arrow, leaving Gay clinging to

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The Man from Texas,

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Our Arm-Chair

Chat.—How to correct the extravagance of our ladies in the matter of dress is a serious problem. We can't do as the ancient lawgivers did, for we are not "heathens," you see. Zaleucus it was who ordained that no woman should go attired by more than one maid in the street, unless she were drunk! and that she should not wear gold-embroidered apparel, unless she designed to act unbecomingly. This checked the luxurious display of the ladies of his time; but, what would be the result of such a law now? Why, not a torrent of skillets and dish-cloths, for our ladies are rarely armed with such weapons, but a rebellion, a revolution. She is the "biggest toad in the paddie," whose hat cost the most—that is about the substance of our present idea of social "standing," and to deny any lady the right to assert her purse superiority is worse than to compel her to some act of real charity. No; we'll never reach reform in dress extravagance until some considerable number of real sensible women (and we have them by thousands) take the matter in hand themselves. Let a number of women of wealth and influential position come out and declare against loading the person down with expensive dry-goods until a "well-dressed woman" looks like a menagerie procession; let them declare over-dressing and display to be vulgar (as it essentially is) and the reform is initiated. Until something of the kind is done we shall go on importing furbies from Europe until the country is beggared—for that must be the result of our present rate of importations—six hundred millions of dollars per year for dress and millinery goods alone! What nation could long stand such a bill for goods that are, to all intents, luxuries?

School "common-sense" are now all over, and the papers are canvassing the merits of educational institutions in a lively manner. One sees in the old-fashioned "classical" course the only true education; another says this is all pure humbug—that the only true education is to adapt a man for his life-calling. Well, both are right and both are wrong, according to our apprehension. Of course there is a need of special instruction in thousands of cases, and a young man having but one, two or three years for school study, would not be justified in omitting those studies absolutely necessary to fit him for his life-calling. Those who have time and means for a liberal education can, on the other hand, study the classics and higher mathematics and modern science and languages with great profit, and should do so. In this manner only is our scholarship as a nation to be maintained.

—Now that the season of bathing is at hand, some advice regarding cramps and paralysis in the water will not be inopportune. When cramp occurs in the limbs, get ashore as quickly as possible, and then use the hands or dry flannels in friction—rubbing the limbs and joints until they are relaxed and warm. The following stimulating liniment, will generally be found to succeed in removing it: Take water of ammonia, or of spirits of hartshorn, one ounce, olive oil, two ounces. Shake them together till they unite. Where the cramp is affected, brandy, ether, landanum or tincture of ginger, two drachms; syrup of poppies, one drachm; cinnamon or mint water, for a draught. To be repeated in an hour if necessary. In severe cases, hot flannels, moistened with compound camphor liniment and turpentine, or a bladder nearly filled with hot water, at a hundred degrees, or a hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit, should be applied to the pit of

the stomach; bathing the feet in warm water, or applying a mustard poultice to them, is frequently of great advantage. The best preventives when the cause of cramp is constitutional, are warm tonics, such as the essence of ginger and chamomile, Jamaica ginger in powder, etc., avoiding fermented liquors, green vegetables, especially for supper, and wearing flannel next the skin.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

THERE seems to be a growing tendency to laugh at the misfortunes of others, to sneer at those who are not as well off as we, and to mimic peculiarities of individuals, which being born in them, they can not very well get rid of.

Now, all this is wrong, very wrong, indeed, and shows that those who are unwilling to break themselves of this habit, have but little Christian feeling in them. It is a hard, hard thing to be deaf, to be deprived of the sounds of the beautiful birds' songs, to be shut up in a world where all harmony is excluded from one's ears. You little know how sad and painful a thing it is for one to be deprived of hearing, or you would not treat the deaf as you often do.

Treat them as we do, how?

Why, you get impatient if you can not make them understand the words you address them; your very looks betray your irritation. If a person could hear, do you suppose he would ask you to repeat your question? No, indeed; he would only be too glad to hear at once if he could. Then you grow cross, and putting your mouth to the deaf person's ear, you scream your words in a key too harsh to be musical.

This is not only wrong, it is cruel, and shows you to lack the quality of good sense. It is not the screaming that will accomplish your desires. Speak in tones above your ordinary ones, clearly and distinctly. Be gentle and patient; in fact, do as you would wish to be done by under similar painful circumstances.

If a person whom you visit is in poor circumstances, do not let her see that you notice she is so. You go to see her, don't you, and not to notice the scanty furniture and fare she has? I know of a very nice woman indeed, who is just as good as gold itself, one whom you could not help admiring, were you so fortunate as to be acquainted with her; but she lacks money. Her house is neat, clean, and pleasant, yet there are no carpets to her floors, or paper to her walls. One of her recent visitors remarked to her: "Why, Mrs. C, if I had this cozy little house, I'd order handsome carpets, get some white and gold paper, and have pictures of all kinds."

Mrs. C. smiled, and kindly replied: "And so would I, my dear, if I had the means, but as it is I can not do so, so I thank God for what I do have, and I guess I am quite as happy without them."

Wasn't that a mild rebuke?

Why, bless you, girls, the contented disposition of that woman is worth more than all your wansons of elegance! The plain calico dress sets more nicely—namely, I don't not it covers a purer heart—than your magnificent dress, that has just come home from Mme. Smith's. I'm not speaking at random; I tell you I know it, and Eve don't stray a great way from the truth ever.

Why should we mimic and mock another's infirmities? Haven't we some infirmities of our own hearts that it wouldn't harm us to look after and mend? You'll never cure a drunkard by ridiculing his swaggering gait and maudlin speeches. You'll find if you do so that you are commencing your work at the wrong end. Who likes to be mimicked? I don't for one, and if any one does so, he or she is just cut off from my list of friends.

When I have faults—and grandma Lawless knows that I have enough of them, though Charlie can not see any—I'd rather have you scold me outright and have done with it, and I don't think that that is so poor a rule it won't bear carrying out.

I hope these remarks do not apply to you, dear reader, yet should they do so, won't you please, for Eve's sake, think over them a little, and endeavor to mend what may need mending in your character? Take my word for it, you'll be happier for so doing.

We all have faults and infirmities, and it will make us no better by ridiculing those whom we can not aid. If you know how mean and despicable you look by your mimicry you'd leave it off at once.

There, if I haven't done any good to others by these remarks, I have given myself a lesson, and no one needs it more than

EVE LAWLESS.

CHUNKS OF WISDOM.

We don't know who is the philosopher speaking, but deem his suggestions so suggestive that we say cut this out and read it often:

Better to wear a calico dress without trimming, if it be paid for, than to owe the shop-keeper for the most elegant silk, cut and trimmed in the most bewitching manner.

Better to live in a log-cabin all your own, than a brown-stone mansion belonging to somebody else.

Better walk forever than run into debt for a horse and carriage.

Better to sit by the pine table, for which you paid three dollars ten years ago, than send home a new extension, black walnut top, and promise to pay for it next week.

Better to use the old cane-seated chair, and faded two-ply carpet, than tremble at the bills sent home from the upholsterer's for the most elegant parlor set ever made.

Better to meet your business acquaintances with a free "don't owe you a cent" smile, than to dodge around the corner to escape a man.

Better to pay the street organ-grinder two cents for music, if you must have it, than owe for a grand piano.

Better to gaze upon bare walls than pictures unpaid for.

Better to eat thin soup from earthenware, if you owe your butcher nothing, than to dine off lamb and roast beef and know that it does not belong to you.

Better to let your wife have a fit of hysterics, than run in debt for nice new furniture, or clothes, or jewelry.

DUTY.

If we do our duty while we are sojourners in this great world there will be but little danger that we shall be found wanting when the great day of reckoning comes, because when we have done our duty we shall be the great All-wise. We have our duty to do, but if we do that little duty, it will be reckoned as much to our credit as if we were conquerors of cities and victors over enemies.

Because others may impose upon us and cheat us in their transactions, it affords us no excuse to treat them or others in the same way; it should rather teach the lesson of the importance and necessity of being honest and trustworthy in our business dealings. It is not impossible that, should any one wrong us, we in our return act up to the motto of "good for evil," we may change him from his evil ways by showing him the good path. We often think

we should have extravagant praise bestowed upon us when we do a praiseworthy action, but, as we are but doing our duty, we are merely acting as we should.

A young writer was engaged to furnish a department every week for a periodical. The amount to be paid for his labor was small, but he looked upon it as the "stepping stone" to something greater, and cheerfully accepted it. Snow or rain, blocked roads and piercing cold found him every week wending his way to the little country post-office—from which he lived three miles—to deposit his humble manuscript. He looked on his labor as if it were no subject for commendation. He said he was but doing his duty. His publishers, being pleased with his punctuality and regularity, made him many presents and aided him in getting engagements on other publications. He had aching limbs often—tired head, severe colds and other ills, but his strict attention to duty was what kept him up, and what should command our respect and esteem, and serve as an example to us who are so negligent in performing our duties. The author is young yet, but may we not rightly expect him, wise and brave things of him in the future? If he has been careful over a few talents, will not the Lord make him the keeper of greater ones?

The boy who lingers on the way to play when sent on errands; the clerk who is half an hour late in the morning and is the first to leave the store in the evening; the apprentice who is wasteful with his employer's time, and thus hurtful to his interests, are not the ones whom we shall be likely to hear of favorably in the future. They are not the ones whom we shall select as our rulers. They will be eyesores to the busy and industrious.

If "trifles make perfect," so surely do little duties tend to greater ones and make true nobility and manhood. A man who does his duty must have a clear conscience; he can look his fellow-beings full in the face and put to the blush the idle and untruthful objects around him.

F. S. F.

Footscap Papers.

Summer Fashions.

For the benefit of that part of fashionable humanity who inhabit the United States and believe altogether in style, and are not satisfied unless their habits are not the latest—in fact, absolutely behind time—I have been induced to give a synopsis of the summer fashions for 1873.

They are various and important, and I beg that this article will be read through two pairs of specs, with due consideration of the pauses and the right pronunciation of the words and proper accent of the syllables.

With gentlemen of taste and talent every thing this summer will be a *la Mode* for promenading.

The coat will be superbly inlaid with green-spots and beautifully frescoed with patches of various designs and sizes; buttons charmingly absent, button-holes either entirely removed or all delightfully extended into one, and gorgeously clasped in front by an elaborate tennery nail or a less ostentatious plain pine stick; collar of the rolling order—rolled entirely off the coat; sleeves exquisitely fringed; bay-windows in elbows, airy and commodious. The stitches in the back and on the shoulders, to make it perfectly *about point*, will be effectively dropped. The coat will either be double or single-tailed—one earnestly torn off; this, trimmed elegantly and fashionably with a rag, cut bias, carefully pinned on behind by a shrewd boy, will make one of the nobbiest and most attractive coats of the season—*recherche*, or words in English to that effect.

The vest will be charming, and from motives of necessity will be worn turned; resolutely without buttons, and fastened with a row of elegant pins, and will be splendidly worn out. Pants will be of a decided antique order of architecture, elaborately knee-sprung and either attractively rolled up or deliciously shoved into boot-tops, and well shingled with exquisite patches selected from different material. Nothing will be worn in the pockets.

A very elaborate and choice toilet in the shape of feet-wear, to match the suit, will be one boot and one shoe; the boot will be invariably worn on the left foot and the shoe on the right—the boot being more stunning and the left foot being more used for stunning purposes.

The boot will be artistically down at the heel, and charmingly unpolished; the holes in the toes to be of some decided pattern and invariably just over the holes in the stocking underneath—although some of the most persistent followers of exalted fashion will extravagantly leave them off.

Soles will either be worn on or worn off, at the option of the wearer. The shoe, to be elegant, will have no heel. It will be brilliantly ripped at the seams and nicely unpatched. Designs in worsted may be worked upon them or the rents skillfully edged with gold braid.

The hat for the summer will be the most unique of any former season, and for style and finish can not be surpassed. It will be of straw, superbly chewed around the edges, forming a fringe of excellent design. The crown will be beautifully torn out, and it will be trimmed with an uncompromising second-hand shoe-string, or an elegant rag-string, conscientiously tied around the hat at half-mast. Artificial flowers may be added.

Paper collars, after six months' service, will be reversed, or painted some other color. Shirt-fronts will be richly devoid of buttons, characteristically held together by an elaborately twisted shingle-nail; this, besides one or two molasses-spots on the bosom, will be the only jewelry worn by the dilet and fastidious.

Fashionable female attire will be extremely regal this summer.

Among the chaste novelties in head-wear will be an imperial sun-bonnet made of exquisitely cheap gingham, fantastically without pasteboards, systematically slouched and carefully unwashed; a few grease-spots will be allowed, evening wear. An elaborate night-cap, with the edging superbly torn off, will be fashionable.

Irresistible dresses in extravagantly low-priced calico will be all the rage. The sleeves will be finely worn at a roll, skirt with finely worn-out flounces and elegantly undarned, ornamented with captivating patterns in edgings and skillet-black, and beautiful from having successfully escaped seventeen wash-days.

Delightful aprons of goods to match, expensively covered with prints of skillet-handles, will be worn with this suit.

Expensive parlors of eminently persuasive gingham, as deliciously full of exquisitely maculate rents as they can hold, superfluously faded and broom-handled, will be the delight of the sunny season.

A few women will wear smiles during the coming summer, while others will consider them as a little too expensive articles of feminine apparel and deprive themselves of that luxury—these include your mother-in-law, your wife's aunt, and your landlady.

Ladies this year will wear their husbands' pocket-books, and I might add, also, wear their patience quite out.

Among minor novelties, hods will be worn by Irishmen this summer on both shoulders, to answer something of the purpose of epaulettes. Enterprisingly fine-tooth combs will be extremely fashionable; steaks will be cut bias; acquaintances will be cut according to the latest fashionable patterns; wheat will be cut according to the cloth; bunions will be trimmed in the highest style; and husbands will be elegantly up-braided by their faithful wives.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Woman's World.

Summer Fashions for Ladies.—Tulle and Tartan Dresses.—Traveling Suits.—Mittens.—Gloves, Hair and Parasols.

The season of wearing gauzy tissues and linen fabrics is upon us. What shall we wear, and how shall we make it, or have it made? Is the question of the hour in the WOMAN'S WORLD.

We almost began to think we would have no summer until the latter days of June, so coolly did our wintry spring linger with us this year. But now, batines, tussors, lawns, organdies, tarlatans, grenadines, and gauzes of every description are measured off in cloudy lines on the counters of our great dry goods' palaces and smaller establishments, and laces, real and machine-woven, and costly guipure, and cheaper Hamburg embroideries, sell as fast as the nimble-fingered salesmen and women can measure them off.

Fashion is an arbitrary goddess. She decrees this season that all the woolen fabrics and heavier linen goods shall be made upon a style of severe simplicity: a skirt escaping the ground, trimmed in a modest manner, more or less, with flounces, pleatings, or bias; bands, and a long redingote with no trimmings save large pockets, cuffs, collar and buttons.

There is a sameness in the general make-up of these garments which is offensive to the eye of good taste—the women on Broadway and Fifth avenue looking, during the fashionable promenade hours, almost as if they had adopted a uniform.

There is more variety in the dictates of the capricious divinity with regard to the gauzier fabrics. These are literally covered with pleatings, flounces, ruffles, and hand-made trimmings of the same material, or made richly elegant with lace and embroidery.

The prettiest dresses for summer night festivals, balls and watering-place hops are made of tulle or tarlatan, flounced and puffed with the material to the waist, or almost to the hips, and worn with an open tunic similarly trimmed and looped with bouquets and garlands of flowers.

Tulle or tarlatan sashes are worn with these dresses, lightly draped around the hips and fastened on one side with flowers. These garlands of flowers are given a most exquisitely natural and graceful effect by being made on flexible rubber stems, which imitate nature to perfection.

Pure white is the prettiest and most effective for these gauzy dresses, but some, made in two shades of color—pink, blue, green, mauve or corn color—look very pretty when worn by a lady with whose complexion, hair and eyes the color harmonizes.

If a lady possesses a set of rich laces, flounces, bertha or fichu, and point or scarf, she may utilize them for several colored and one white tarlatan dress, in a manner that would secure her a variety of summer evening toilets at a comparatively trifling expense. The dresses can be made in a style to admit the laces being basted on when they are to be worn.

Trianon fans of tulle or tarlatan, with carved wood, ivory, or pearl sticks, are brought out by manufacturers to match these tarlatan and tulle dresses. They give them the appropriate name of "fartation fans." A pretty girl's face looks very charming through the semi-transparent veil of a white-blue or rose-colored "fartation fan," which she holds up to hide her blushes!

Very sensible and economical summer traveling-suits are being sold at the very low price of six dollars. They consist of a plain, untrimmed skirt of white and black striped percale, over which is worn a long linen garment, which is made to serve either as a duster when fastened up in front, or as a redingote when left loose below the waist, and looped at the back and on the hips by looping strings, which are attached to the seams underneath. The front is loose, and it has a very large round collar, almost a small cape.

The plain dark blue, or brown, or purple, twilled silk umbrella, has almost superseded the use of the old style fringed lady's parasol. Small and slender sticks, tipped with sterling silver, are considered in better taste than the club-handled parasols, which came in early in the season. Lace-covered parasols, with ivory or pearl handles, are reserved for carriage use and visits of ceremony.

The latest novelties in gloves are of undressed kid, long in the wrist, cut in one piece, and opening with a slit at the wrist, fastened with one riveted button. This is considered a great improvement on the three and four-buttoned kids, which are so troublesome to fasten and to keep in order.

Sterling silver ornaments are rapidly taking the place of those oxidized buckles, clasps and chateaus so fashionable in the spring. Those in dead and bright silver, with cut figures, are most sought for, but there is a fair demand for perfectly plain silver clasps, chateaus and other ornaments.

Hats and bonnets continue to grow larger. Fringed veils are very popular. Boots and shoes are not made so high on the ankle.

Skirts are worn too long for good taste and comfort.

Hoops and bustles are discarded.

The hair will be worn high during the summer; but the indications are that, by next fall, curls will be worn on the shoulders and high puffs on the top of the head.

EMILY VERDERY.

TALES OF THE FOOTHILLS.

From the pen of one of our most popular writers of Western romance, W. J. HAMILTON. The series will comprise narratives, chiefly by the person-nator therein, of adventures in the wilds of the "foothills," having the rich flavor of the true trapper and hunter-rover of the West, in style of delivery and nature of story.

In this field the SATURDAY JOURNAL certainly is pre-eminent. It numbers among its contributors the best of all living writers in that department of American fiction. Ralph Ringwood, Capt. J. F. C. Adams, Old Coomes, Joseph E. Badger, Jr., Major Max Martine, Albert W. Aiken, Frederick Dewey, Capt. Charles Howard—what a galaxy of stars!

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepared in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future editors.—Unvaluable MSS. possibly referred only when stamps accompany the letters, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package mailed as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect, are not accepted or wanted. In all cases our office retains the right to return or destroy MSS. at any time, and we are not responsible for their loss. MSS. of special merit will be retained for a short time, and we will endeavor to secure their return. Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

Among the contributions which we shall have to pronounce unavailable are the following: "Sylvia's Choice," "Our Nation's Natal Day"—good enough for use but too late; "Tenn's"—very good, some of them; "The Wanderer's Return"; "Grace after Dinner"; "She's Won't"; "Nettie's Country Trip."

The following we shall find place and space for: "Dick Darling, the Pony Express-ride"; "The Guardian Angel"; "The Royal Sisters"; "The Modest Lover"; "The Dog's Exploit"; "Orange and Willow"; "The Mad Chief"; "The Blind Ford"; "Jo Blyden's Last Fight."

HARRIE. Have answered your query a half-dozen times, at least.

We must again request all our writers to use black ink in the preparation of their MSS. Colored inks are simply an abomination to the editor and a source of trouble to the printer, and don't crowd the lines. The better the MS., as such, the quicker it is read, as the editor reads at night, much of the matter submitted, blue or green or brown inks are his special aversion.

MISS P. R. The name Cella is probably from the Latin *Cellum*—meaning, heavenly. An old Roman family name was *Cellia*—from which, it is assumed, the name of St. Cecilia was derived.

MONOD JACK. We know nothing of the person referred to.—The story, "The Desert Queen," was issued as Beattie's Dime Novel, No. 268, under the title of "The Mustang Hunter." The Dime Novel, No. 268, was by Dr. Wm. Mason Turner. "White Grizzly" was changed to the "Grizzly Hunters." It was written by Frederick Whitaker. The person named is no longer a publisher.

DICK SHEPARD. Consult the Stock Reports.

M. F. E. We can only judge of the matter suggested by examining each particular contribution. Biographic matter usually is very dull reading.

P. Any old farmer will tell you how to make good, firm, hard soap. No rule can be given, for the strength of the lye so differs. If the lye is strong enough to float an egg, and the grease is in a proper state, and the lye is then it is pretty easy to obtain a correct result by a given amount of boiling. Soap is merely a combination of grease and potash; the boiling process merely produces this combination. "Combed" soap is combed by being made by mixing the potash, or strong lye, with the grease and letting it take its time to assimilate, giving frequent stirring. This, however, only produces soft soap.

AUSTIN MCN. If a will is properly drawn up, signed and witnessed, it is valid. It is not necessary that it should have been recorded, and it must be proved before the surrogate of the county, after the testator's decease.

HAGAR OAKLAND. The fancy for jet jewelry is being revived, and some of it is designs are very elegant, but the Marguerite style seems to be most in vogue. Jet of all kinds, whether for dress trimming or jewelry, is more massive and substantial than any other.

JERRYMAN. You can easily make a cheap and inexpensive ice-house, by laying some rails or poles on a piece of ground sufficiently inclined to carry off water; then, the crevices with sawdust, and cover with old boards; then, take some slabs about twelve feet long, notch the corners as for a log-cabin, set them on the platform, and have a crib about ten and a half feet square by the side of the platform. Over this crib lay a layer of straw, one yard thick, and the other end and side three feet. In this way you can keep ice the same length of time as you could in a more expensive building.

HORR LAYNE. Solid suits of twilled flannel or merino are worn by little girls. They are worn with the blouse waist, and single skirt, scooped and bound. Straight rows of military braid are frequently used as trimming.

MARIE GEROME. The rules adopted by the celebrated "Beetle Club," started in England during the year 1734, were as follows:

"Dread well your meat until the steam has gone, but don't eat it until you have a bowl of the stock! Good food is plenty, nor a moment's waste, but turn it over like a wheel, and don't let it get stale! The lean should be quite rare—not so fat; the plaster over and under the meat, and the fat on the outside, place it on your meat, Sully pepper, and salt."

JULIA V. D. Yes, it is true that the prices of goods have very much decreased since the early part of the season. You can get a very good-looking pair of kid gloves for one dollar, and a pair of many more. Dress goods are much lower, especially silks, than twenty per cent. A good American black silk is the most serviceable of all dresses.

ANNE P. J. Good bread is made by mixing two pounds of flour, one pound of butter, six ounces of sugar; rub all together; roll out half an inch thick, and lay a strip of candied peel on each cake, and bake in a quick oven.

WILLIAM HENDRICKS. There are about 9,800 cubic miles of water (nearly half of the fresh water on the globe) in the "Upper Lakes" of North America, and 18,000,000 cubic miles in the "Lower Lakes" of the same continent. This water of the lakes makes the circuit of the Falls, St. Lawrence, the ocean, vapor, rain, and the lakes again, 185 years.

TOX T. SKINNER. William Cullen Bryant was born in Cunnington, Mass. In the year 1826 he assumed the chief conduct of the *Evening Post*, with which he has since been connected, though really doing very little editorial labor for many years past. He now writes the office only at intervals. His son-in-law, Parke Godwin, is the ostensible "responsible" editor of the paper.

JOAL STEVENS. Damascus is the oldest city in the world, and the oldest of the plagues of the fifth century, before the days of Abraham. From Damascus comes the delicious apricot of Portugal, called *damaes*. The damask rose, introduced into Europe during the reign of Henry VIII., and also the Damascus blade, so famous for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, originated in that city.

BENTON BAINBRIDGE. An English law compels a married woman, if she has money, and her husband has none, to support him, even if he be worthless. The expense of his living must not fall upon the people or parish!

CLINTON MONTGOMERY. Ostriches are raised in a tame state in Africa for their feathers. Every eighth month the birds are plucked, and each year one bird averages fifty dollars in the value of its plumage. When ostrich feathers cease to be "the style" the plume will lose much of its value.

ACTRESS. The capacity of Rome's theaters, in ancient times, was fabulous. The Coliseum had 50,000 seats, besides 22,000 standing places. The Circus Maximus had room for 386,000 spectators. There was, at that time, 900 public bathing places in the city. In the fifth century, after Rome was plundered by the Germans and Vandals, Zacharias, a historian, reports that Rome had 384 streets, 30 golden statues, 56,597 statues, 31,082 fountains, 3,785 bronze statues of emperors and officers, 25 colored horse statues, 41 theaters, 2,300 perfume stores, and 2,291 prisons. Thebans had paid for income duty one year \$8,000,000. Alexandria had a library of 700,000 volumes at a time when manuscripts were rare and costly. Athens had the theater of Bacchus, capable of holding 30,000 persons.

CHRISTIAN. There are said to be thirty thousand Gods in the Chinese religion or mythology.

WILLIAM JOHNSON. We think you must refer to the Spanish law which prohibits persons marrying when over the age of 70 years.

HOTWEITER. Butter-milk-cakes for breakfast, always a good standard dish, are made by mixing two quarts of buttermilk, one tablespoonful of soda, and enough flour to make a batter, not too thick. Fry them on a griddle, and serve hot.

HENRY MCC. The State of Missouri grows more than twenty-five million pounds of tobacco annually.

ELIZABETH P. The island of Australia is about two-thirds the size of the United States. In the fifth century, comprising an area of nearly 3,000,000 square miles.

ENGLEHMAN. London, now the largest city in Europe, was founded by the Romans, forty-nine years after Christ.

FRANK LEMON. All shades of dove and slate colors, are made by boiling in an iron vessel, a teapail full of black tea with a teaspoonful of copperas, and sufficient water; dilute this until you get the required shade.

JOHN JOHNSON. You are correct in saying that birds are very indurated. The thrush is said to work from 2:30 in the morning until 9:30 in the evening, or nineteen hours. During that period it feeds its young two hundred and sixty-six times.

MINNIE MAY. A very nice way of cooking apples, is to dip out the core; put them in a deep tin; fill the cavity with a small piece of butter and white sugar; pour a little hot water in the dish, and bake in a quick oven.

VAN BUREN. Corn grows sometimes to a great height. In the Wabash "bottom" fields, in Indiana, it has attained the height of fifteen feet.

CHARLES EATON. The silly fancy about opals scarcely rises to the dignity of a superstition, as it is only traceable to a passage in the novel, "Anne of Geierstein."

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

POOR IN A WORLD OF PLENTY.

BY A. F. MORRIS, JR.

A night that is damp and cold and chill
Mantles a scene of snow and sleet—
And all is still.
Except the sigh of the wintry wind,
Fall of murmurs of mournful kind
As it breathes over the painted street.
A form that is frail, and thin and clad
Wearing a face that tells of woe,
And looks so sad;
Trotting, hungered, raggedly bare,
Dying alone in the freezing air—
An outcast human whom no one knows!
A hall that glitters in plenty's store,
Shedding its lights on that shape outside
So tired and sore;
And there no Christian to lend an aid
To her who vainly and long has prayed,
Nor eyes to drop one tear if she died!
A morn of beauty with skies of gold,
And homes and lives are full of bliss
And joys untold;
And friends to love, and songs of glee,
And strains of mirthful melody,
All pour out in their poised kiss!
But while the earth is brimming with sweets,
And everything is so glad and gay,
And laughter greets;
One lies lonely and dead in its snowy pall—
The unknown beggar that died to-day!

The Wife's Error.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

FAR out on the cold gray waters that tossed drearily and sullenly under a leaden sky, the short, choppy waves lashed into occasional foam-caps by the roaring, surging wind. Isidore Amity was looking—looking with eyes from which all joy seemed forever banished, into which everlasting woe had crept, and lurked, like baleful shadows in the violet depths.

There were no traces of tears in her eyes, and yet you would have said there were many curdling around her heart. You could tell it by the still, dumb agony of the compressed lips, the pallid whiteness around her mouth, the cold, immobile way in which she sat there.

She was hardly a beautiful woman; and yet, with her great, gloriously blue eyes, and the streaming, clinging wealth of palest bronze hair that the rough east wind had loosened and flung about her; her marble-white face, and small mouth, Isidore Amity ought to have been very fair. And if it had not been for the man of whom she sat there thinking, thinking, thinking, that cool, raw August day, until her brain whirled dizzily with sheer desperate anguish, she would have been as lovely as any in the land. But the fierce fires of trouble this man—this gentleman—had kindled, left their scorching marks not less on face than heart. He was her husband, too. He had won her in all the freshness and budding promise of her girlhood; he had carried her to Europe, and over her own country; he had made her life a dream so blissful that she dared not pause to ask herself if it was real life, or an enchanted existence she was enjoying.

He was very devoted—very tender, as a woman so loves to be treated by her husband; so thoughtful in little things, so ever ready to sacrifice his own comfort for hers; so quick to anticipate her wishes, even her thoughts. And so—how could she have helped it? Where is the wife that would not have worshipped such a husband? Isidore learned to let her life be for him; life was he, only he, to her. Then—at all at once—well, it needs only a word to tell how Julie Bertrand's fascinating face came between them—all—even the chill east wind blowing through and through her, as she crouched on the damp crag could not send such a deadly shiver over her as could the memory of the time when she believed Julie Bertrand had won her husband from her. Of course John Amity denied the accusation; then he resented it; afterward, when in her jealous chidings she hotly reproached him, he coolly laughed, then stormed, then sternly and silently left her presence without a word; and then, to sum all agency in one stinging weight, she saw him, five minutes later, walking beside Julie Bertrand, whose dark, piquant face was laughingly uplifted to his own, and whose smile, that night on the pillow beside John Amity was unpressed by his wife's head, and to his fluted lace ruff was pinned a note:

"Since you care for me more than me, I can't stay. I loved you more than any woman ever can."

He read it with flashing eyes and clenched teeth.

"She has left me—me!"

Then the wrath faded, and such a pitiful yearning came into his proud, handsome eyes.

"Silly child! I never dreamed she was so in earnest! To think I care for Miss Bertrand!"

All night he sat, sleepless, by the window, warring with the emotions in his breast. He chided himself for the way he had met his wife's jealous accusations. Why had he not taken her in his arms and kissed away the horrid doubt that was born of such love for him?

He regretted then that he ever had spoken ought to Julie Bertrand since the night Isidore had spoken to him; he regretted vainly all he had said; and of what avail were his regrets? Isidore, his darling, had gone. Where?

If he but knew; and yet, he did not worry so greatly, for he was so sure she would come back, penitent and glad in the morning.

But, when the hours of the night brought full-orbed day, and the days had grown to weeks, and to months, and still there came no Isidore, no tidings, no clue, his soul sickened with grief, and he started forth alone to find her, living or dead.

Two years! Isidore could better believe it two ages since the warm August night when she pinned her farewell to her pillow, kissed the one where his dear head had lain; two years, this very day, and the second anniversary was a day of frowning skies, and moaning winds, as the first had been, as it was met.

Only, to-day, Julie Bertrand had crossed her path for the first time since—that other dreadful time.

She had seen Julie from her window when the passengers from the boat came in. She had recognized that same gloriously dark face, framed by a witching little lace gipsey, with a trailing spray of clematis and ribbon grass resting on her slender, shapely shoulder.

The proud, dark face had brought all Isidore's troubles freshly back. Not that they ever had left her, for a moment; only the very keenest edge was slightly worn off; and Julie had stirred up the ashes of memories Isidore was trying to kill.

But they would not be killed; she knew that by the wild tumult of her soul as she sat on the sea-shore, crouching behind one of those huge jutting boulders that abound at Newport.

She was wondering how long Julie Bertrand would remain; she was despairingly yearning after the old, old times; she was wishing the rebellious tears, that refused to come, would cool and moisten her hot, dry eyeballs—and then—she fairly shrank into herself, cowering like a guilty woman, for there, right behind her, on the opposite side of her rocky retreat, sounded her husband's voice. Her husband's, and Julie Bertrand's.

The wind blew fitfully, but between gusts she heard it all; and then, when they walked away, all unconscious of her presence, she slid softly down on her knees, and mingled her thanksgiving with the roar of the waves and the rush of the wind.

"Poor Isidore—is it possible you never have heard of, or from her?"

How plainly Julie's sweet voice had sounded above the noise of the tempestuous waves.

"Never, Miss Bertrand, though I have sought from Maine to California."

"His dear voice! still so melodious, so deep in its intonation."

"What a pity," and Miss Bertrand's words came in a low, pitiful cadence; and Isidore set her teeth tightly together as she listened.

"But, will you keep on looking, dear Mr. Amity? Surely two years' desertion is sufficient cause for—"

"Miss Bertrand, spare yourself the shame of what you were about to say. Suffice it, that if I could find my wife—my good, pure, sorely tried wife, I would consider no pains too great, no trouble too severe. When she comes back—I know she will come some day—she will find me a better man, a worthier man, than she left me."

The voices died away in a great rush of wind again, and in a moment Isidore saw her husband going alone down the steep path from the hotel.

She waited a while; and then Julie went alone back to the hotel.

And then, trembling so she could not walk straight, Isidore returned hastily to her room.

With wild haste she took from the bottom of one of her trunks a dress—delicate green it was, trimmed with black lace; she donned it, fastened a lace ruffle at her throat with a small coral star, hung corals in her tiny ears, and then rung for a waiter to ascertain the number of the room assigned to Mr. John Amity.

"Do I look like I did that night?" she murmured, wistfully—"that night I went away, when I so wronged him, so cruelly wronged him? Oh, I wonder what he will say when he finds me here, in his room?"

She sat down by the open window to watch him come; then, when she saw him, she drew back lest he should see her. Nearer he came, up the stairs, through the corridor; the door-knob turned; the door swung open—

Was it only a mocking vision from the past? or was it Isidore's warm, clinging arms around his neck?

Isidore's tear-wet cheeks pressed his own.

"Oh, John—can you ever—ever forgive?"

And then he knew he was happy again, for all time.

The Specter Barque.

A TALE OF THE PACIFIC.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

AUTHOR OF "TRACKED TO DEATH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SHIP WITHOUT SAILORS.

AMONG the vessels lying in the harbor of San Francisco is one whose stern may be read the name *El Condor*.

She is a ship of small size—some five or six hundred tons—devoted to peaceful commerce, as may be told by certain insignia intelligible to seamen.

The name will suggest a South American vessel, Ecuadorian, Peruvian, Bolivian, or Chilean, since the bird from which she has been baptized is found in all these countries. Colombia and the Argentine States can also claim it.

There is no need to guess at the particular one to which the ship in question belongs. The flag down over her taffrail tells it by a symbolism known to those who take an interest in national insignia.

It is a tricolor—the orthodox and almost universal red, white and blue—the colors not as in the French—in three vertical stripes—but disposed in two horizontal bands, the lower red, the upper equally divided between the white and blue; the last next to the staff, with a single five-pointed star set centrally in its field.

This disposition proclaims the ship to be Chilean.

She is not the only vessel of this nationality in the harbor of San Francisco. Several other craft are there that hoist the same ensign; brig, barques, schooners and ships. For the spirited little Republic of Chile is prosperous, as enterprising; and its colors may be seen all over the Pacific. With its population of skilled miners, it has been among the first of foreign states in sending a large representative force to cradle the gold placers of California. Not only are its ships lying in the bay, but its *guano* and *gambusinos* in goodly number tread the streets of the town; while many of the dark-eyed men, who from the piazzas and balconies greet the passer-by with smiles, are those seductive little *chilénas* known to every sailor who has visited Valparaiso.

But we are wandering away from the ship *El Condor*. Let us return to and go aboard of her.

We see not much there that can strictly be called Chilean. But little besides the ship herself and the captain commanding; not commanding sailors, for there is not a single one aboard, either hailing from Chile or elsewhere. They have abandoned her—gone off to the gold-diggings.

Arriving in San Francisco in the heat of the placer-fever, they preferred seeking fortune with pick, shovel and pan, to handling tarry ropes at ten dollars a month.

Almost on the instant of the ship dropping anchor they deserted her to a man, leaving her skipper alone, with only the cook for a companion.

Neither is the last Chilean, but African. No more are the two monkeys, observed gamboling about the deck; for Chili—too far from the tropic zone—knows not the *quadrangana*.

Scarcely any thing seen upon the *Condor* would proclaim her a South American ship. Above all, nothing in her cargo, for a cargo there is. She has just arrived from a trading voyage among the South Sea Isles, extending to the Indian Archipelago. Thence her lading, a varied assortment, consisting of tortoise-shell, spices, Manila cigars, and such other commodities as may be collected on a trip to the Oriental Islands. Hence also the two monkeys—large creatures of the *mayas* kind, brought from Borneo.

Only a small portion of the cargo has been intended for the Californian port; this already landed. The rest remains in her hold, awaiting transport to Valparaiso.

How soon the *Condor* will arrive there, or take departure from San Francisco, is a question that even her captain can not answer. If asked, he would most probably reply, "*Quien sabe?*" And if further pressed, he might point to his deserted decks, offering that as the explanation.

Captain Antonio Lantanas is a Chilean of the pure Spanish-American type—and being this, he takes things coolly, bearing his disappointments with a patient resignation, that would be quite incomprehensible to either English or Yankee skipper.

With a broad-brimmed Manila hat shading his thin, swarthy features from the sun, he sits all day upon his quarter, or stands resting his elbows on the capstan head, doing one of two things: either rolling paper cigarillos, or smoking them.

He only varies this occupation by playing with his pet monkeys. They are a male and female, full of fun in their uncouth fashion; and Captain Lantanas takes this out of them by occasionally touching their noses with the red end of his cigarillo, and seeing them scamper off, surprised at the singular, and to them somewhat painful, effect of fire.

His meals are served regularly three times a day, and his *coque*—a dark, black as the tar upon the *ladin* ropes—after having served them, returns to an idleness equaling his own.

He, too, has his diversion with the monkeys, approaching much nearer to them in appearance; and, perhaps, more congenial as a playmate.

At times Captain Lantanas takes his gig and rows himself ashore. But not to search for sailors. He knows that would be an idle errand. True, there are plenty of them in San Francisco; scores seen in the streets, and other scores in the taverns and restaurants. But they are all rollicking, and if not rich soon hope to be. Not a man of them could be coaxed on board the *Condor* or any other ship for a wage less than would make her voyage unprofitable to the owners.

As Captain Lantanas is not only master but proprietor of his own craft, he has no intention of making an idle trip; and the *Condor* can not take a flight until times change. When this may be, and she can spread her canvas wings for Valparaiso, he has not the remotest idea. He only goes ashore to meet other skipper with ships crewless as his own; take a drink with them, smoke cigarillos, and exchange condolence on their common destitution.

On a certain day—that on which we are introduced to him—he had not sculled himself ashore; but abides upon his vessel, there awaiting the arrival of one who has sent him a message.

Although San Francisco is fast being transformed to an American town, there is among its newspapers a small sheet printed in Spanish—by name *El Diario*. In this, Captain Lantanas has advertised his vessel, as a ship open for freight or passage, bound for Valparaiso, and to call at intermediate ports, Panama among the number.

The *aviso* has directed reference to be made aboard the ship herself, and to her captain, Don Antonio Lantanas.

In answer to it a letter has been received, and an appointment made by one who has promised to be aboard by 12 M. This is the day appointed.

Though a stranger to San Francisco, Captain Lantanas has some knowledge of his correspondent; at least he has heard that a gentleman of the same name as that signed to the letter is a large landed proprietor, whose acres lie contiguous to the town, of late quadrupled in value—by the gold immigration. What this gentleman may want with him or his ship Captain Lantanas can not tell, nor guess. But, while standing with elbow resting on the capstan, and puffing away at his paper cigarillo, he is endeavoring to do the latter.

Help he has, from something heard on his last visit to the town, made two days before; there in Spanish circles the talk was that the *haciendado* in question has lately sold his land and realized an immense sum by the sale—half a million mentioned. Furthermore, that being a Spaniard, and neither Mexican nor Californian, he was about to take back his family, as also his household goods; thus, aggregated, to the place whence, two years before, he had brought them. Then, as the story went, they could have been stowed in a single stateroom, or at most two; now they might require a whole ship, or a goodly portion of one.

El Condor has still plenty of room to spare. Her hold is not half full; and her cabin has accommodation for several passengers. Might it be for this his correspondent is seeking an interview?

Captain Lantanas asks the question of himself. It pleases him to think it may be.

While indulging in this hope, he sees that which for a time puts an end to his speculations.

It is a shore boat, with a single pair of rowers, and a gentleman, evidently a landsman, seated in the stern sheets. And as evidently steering straight for *El Condor*.

Captain Lantanas steps to the side of his vessel; and, standing in the waist, awaits the arrival of his visitor.

As the boat draws near he sees a gentleman of Spanish features, dressed in semi-Californian costume, and is now pretty sure it is he who has answered his advertisement in the newspaper.

He can no longer have a doubt when the Californian, having ascended the man-rope, and stepped down upon the deck, hands him a card, bearing the name of his correspondent.

CHAPTER XVII.

PASSAGES TO PANAMA.

HE who has thus presented himself to Captain Lantanas is a man, in age well up to sixty, and somewhat above medium height. Fuller than he appears, through a slight stoop in the shoulders. His step, the hope, the more tottering, shows vigor impaired, and on his countenance are the traces of recent ill health, with strength not yet restored.

His complexion is clear, rather reddish, and in health might be more so; while his hair, both on head and chin—the latter a long, flowing beard—now snow-white—could never have been dark; more likely of the color called sandy.

This, with grayish-blue eyes, and features showing some points of Celtic conformation, would argue him either not a Spaniard, or one belonging to the province of Biscay.

The last he is: for the correspondent of Captain Lantanas is Don Gregorio Montijo.

The illness which has made inroads upon his health, enfeebling a once-vigorous frame, has been in part mental suffering caused by the death of his wife, but more from an intermittent fever, the effects of which are still observable in eyes somewhat sunken.

It is partly in hope of getting his strength restored that he is returning to Spain; though other reasons, already assigned, have contributed to the resolve.

Perhaps it is the near prospect of the change that now makes him high-hearted; or it may be the recent grand stroke of good fortune in having realized such a large sum by the sale of his estate. Whatever the cause, there is a sparkle in his eye as he steps on board the ship that tells a tale of cheerfulness rather than despondency.

No wonder at this. A man who has just sold a tract of land for \$300,000, which twelve months before was worth only a small portion of the sum, could scarce be other than cheerful. And besides having made the sale, received the money, if not in gold coin, in its equivalent gold-dust and nuggets, the then common currency of California.

No doubt it has something to do with Don

Gregorio's being in good spirits. For he is, as shown by his smiling face as he steps on board.

His presenting the card is to save speech in the formality of introduction. After which, he says, "Captain Lantanas, I presume?" then stands to recover his breath, taken from him by the effort made in climbing up the companion.

"*Si, señor*," responds the master of the *Condor*, bowing with becoming humility before a man reputedly so rich. "*A servicio de v.*" he adds; and after this proffer of service, waits to hear what may be required of him.

"Well, captain, having seen your advertisement in the *Diario*, I wrote an answer to it. Have you received my letter?"

"*Si, señor*."

"My *bien!* I thought it best to come aboard; so that I might be made acquainted with all particulars. Your ship is for freight or passage?"

"Either, *señor*."

"You advertise bound for Valparaiso, and intermediate ports?"

"*Si, señor*."

"Have you any passengers?"

"Not as yet."

"How many can you take?"

"Well, to speak truth, my craft is not intended to carry passengers. She's a trading-vessel, as you may see. But if you'll come with me to the cabin, you can judge for yourself. There's a snug little saloon, and sleeping accommodations for six; two of them state-rooms that will serve, if need be, for ladies."

"That will do. Now about freight. Have you any cargo aboard?"

"A portion of my ship is already occupied."

"That won't signify to me. I suppose you have enough room left for something that weighs less than a ton, and isn't of any great bulk. Say it will take half a score of cubic feet. Can you find storage for that?"

"*Si, señor*. That and two hundred times as much."

"*Bueno!* And also three passengers: a gentleman and two ladies—in short, myself and daughters; at least one of them is; the other is my grand-daughter. Can you find accommodations for us all?"

"Will the *Señor Montijo* step into the *Condor's* cabin, and see for himself?"

"Of course."

Captain Lantanas leads down the stairway, his visitor following.

The saloon is examined; after it the staterooms, right and left.

The examination proves satisfactory.

"Just the thing," says Don Gregorio, speaking in soliloquy. "It will do," he adds, addressing himself to the skipper. "And now, Captain Lantanas, about terms—what are they to be?"

"That, *señor*, will depend on what is wanted. Where do you wish me to take you?"

"Panama. I must make landing there. It is one of the ports mentioned in your advertisement?"

"It is, *señor*."

"Well, for the freight—as I've told you, about a ton—and the three passengers—how much?"

"The price, *señor*, will depend upon the class of freight. Is it gold? From your description I suppose it must be."

Don Gregorio pauses before making reply. Notwithstanding his great riches, he is somewhat near, if not niggardly. And not the less for these being but recently acquired. He would like to have his gold transported to Panama, cheaply as possible. At the same time he wishes to get it there in safety, and to do so he has determined to take it secretly. This his principal reason for securing passage on a trading-ship, instead of by one of the regular lines already commenced running between San Francisco and the Isthmus. He has heard that these are crowded with rough miners on their return home; many of them queer characters, little better than robbers. He dreads trusting his golden treasure among them, and still more his girls. He has faith, however, in the honor and honesty of Captain Antonio Lantanas; having heard all about the Chilean skipper from his friend ashore—one Don Tomas Silvestre.

"You assure me of that?"

"I do, *señor*."

"Captain Lantanas, I can trust you. And now let me tell you, I am not here without knowing something of yourself. You have a friend in San Francisco—Don Tomas Silvestre?"

"I have the honor of Don Tomas' friendship."

"Well, he has recommended you in such terms that I can fully rely upon your integrity. And trusting to it, I'll make known to you why I wish to take passage in your ship."

The Chilean skipper bows thanks for the compliment, and silently awaits the proffered confidence.

"I have just sold my property here—receiving for it \$300,000 in gold-dust, the same I've spoken of as your freight. It is now lying at my house, some three miles from town. As you must be aware, this place is at present the rendezvous of all the scoundrels collected from the shores of the Pacific. As also a goodly number from those of the Atlantic. They are living here in a state of lawlessness. Such Judges as they have are almost as great criminals as those brought before them. Under the circumstances I feel anxious about my treasure; which you won't wonder at. Any hour a band of these outlaws may take it into their heads to strip me of it, or at all events attempt to do so. Therefore I wish to get it aboard a ship—one where it will be safe, and whose captain I can rely upon. Don Tomas Silvestre has assured me I can trust you. Now you know all."

"*Si, señor*," is the simple response of the Chilean.

He is about to add that it will be safe enough so far as he can protect it, when Don Gregorio hinders him by continuing:

"My intention is to return to Spain, of which I am a native—to Cadiz, where I have some property. What I intended doing anyhow. But now I want to take departure at once. As a Spaniard, Captain Lantanas, I need not point out to you, who are of the same race, that the society here can not be congenial, now that the rowdies of the United States and the convicts of Australia have become the possessors and rulers of the place. You understand me, *capitán?*"

"Perfectly."

"It is exceedingly awkward your not having a crew. Can't something be done to procure one?"

"The only thing would be to offer extra pay. There are plenty of sailors in San Francisco, for they're not all gone to the gold-diggings. Though most that remain are worthless, drunken fellows. Still it is probable that some good ones might be engaged were the wages made tempting to them. No doubt an advertisement in the *Diario* would get as many as are needed for manning the *Condor*."

"How much would it all amount to?"

"For the trip to Valparaiso, possibly a thousand dollars, *señor*."

"Will it suit your purpose if I pay the proportion of that as far as Panama?"

"Yes; on those terms I agree to get sailors."

"And to take no other passengers but ourselves?"

"No others, *señor*."

"In that case I shall be answerable for the extra wages. Any thing to get away from this place, of which, as I've told you, I'm heartily tired."

"Then you authorize me to insert the *aviso*?"

"I do," answers Don Gregorio.

"*Basta!*" rejoins the skipper. "And now, *señor*, you may make your preparations for embarking."

"I haven't any to make. Nearly all has been done already. It's only to get our personal baggage aboard, the freight spoken of. By the way," adds the ex-ganadero, speaking *ad hoc*, "I wish to ship the gold as soon as possible, and as secretly too. You understand me, Captain Lantanas?"

"*Si, señor*."

"I shall have it brought aboard at night in a boat which belongs to me. It will be safer in your cabin than anywhere else, since no one need be the wiser about its place of deposit."

"No one shall know from me."

"That I am sure of, Captain Lantanas, for Tomas Silvestre is your indorser, and would be willing to be your bondsman, if that were required. It is not."

Again the captain of the *Condor* bows acknowledgment of the confidence reposed in him; and after a word or two of further arrangement the two separate.

Don Gregorio taking seat in the shore boat is rowed back to the town, while the Chilean captain returns to his quarter-deck, and cigaritos.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LOOKING OVER THE OCEAN.

ABOUT the time Don Gregorio Montijo parts from the ship, the two *tukars*, De Lara and Calderon, are riding away from his house.

After leaving it, as already known, instead of returning to the town they face westward toward Dolores.

A cross-cut conducts them into the old road between Yerba Buena and the Mission; and once on this they ride along it at a rapid pace—a gallop.

The dust kicked up by the heels of their horses has scarce settled down, when another cavalcade is seen moving along the same road, also in the direction of Dolores.

This second party—in all four—is going at a gentler gait. For there are ladies in it, two of them—the other two being gentlemen.

As the horses are the same late standing saddled in Don Gregorio's courtyard, afterward seen outside, it may be surmised who are the riders.

Dona Carmen is carrying out the promise made by her father; giving their sailor guests a *paseo de caballo*.

As no exploration of the country around San Francisco is complete without a visit to the old Mission Dolores, to the Mission she is taking them. Though the programme of their equestrian excursion is to extend beyond—to the summit of a hill overlooking the outside ocean.

The two señoritas take delight in the saddle, and are almost daily in it. Both are accomplished horsewomen. Dona Carmen the best. But either would take a five-barred gate or a "bullfinch" with any of the hunting *Dianas* of England; and if they have not ridden to hounds they have chased wild horses, on others scarce less wild.

Those on which they are now mounted seem but half-tamed. Fresh from the stable, they rear and pitch, at times standing on end. For all this their riders have no fear of being unhorsed. They only smile and strike with

The cavaliers who accompany regard them with glances of ardent admiration. If they have been but smitten before, they are getting fast fixed now, and both will soon be seriously in love. The *paseo de caballo* promises to end in a proposal for journeying through life together—in two's.

On starting out the young officers may have been troubled with a thought of their own costume not being shipshape. On horseback in a naval uniform!

No fear of ridicule, however, on the roads of California, where all ride, gentle or simple—sailors in Guernsey shirts and pilot jackets, soldiers with straw hats, barefooted in the stirrups!

Crozier is not thinking of the thing, nor has he any need. His rank has furnished him with a frock coat, which, close-buttoned and fitting well, gives a handsome contour to his person. Besides, he is a splendid rider, has followed hounds before he ever set foot on board ship.

Carmen Montijo can perceive this; can tell with half a glance that her cavalier is an accomplished horseman. It pleases her to know it, gives her pride to think that her *amante* is a man equal to every thing.

With the other two things are a little different. Willie Caldwell is no rider, having had but little practice. Up to that hour he has not been in the saddle two-score times. This is obvious to all—Inez, as the rest. Besides the mid is in a pea-jacket, which, although, becoming aboard ship, does seem a little odd in the saddle, on a prancing Californian mustang.

Does it make Willie look a guy? Not in his own eyes. He does not give a thought to it, nor feel the slightest sense of humiliation at his inferiority in horsemanship. He but laughs when his mustang curvets, the louder when it comes near pitching him.

Nor does it make him ridiculous in the eyes of Inez Alvarez. On the contrary, she appears charmed and laughs too; delighted at his naivete and the manliness he displays in not caring for consequences. She knows he is not in his own element, the sea. She believes that there he would be brave, heroic, among ropes the most skilled of reefers, and that if he can not gracefully sit a horse, he could ride big billows, breathing them like an albatross.

Thus mutually taking each other's measure, the four equestrians canter on, and soon arrive at the Mission.

They only pause to give a glance at the old monastery, where Spanish monks long lorded it over their red-skinned neophytes; at the church where erst ascended incense, and prayers were pattered in the ears of the aboriginal, by him ill understood.

A moment spent in the *esmeralda*, where Carmen points out the tomb inclosing the remains of her mother, and drops a tear upon the grave, over his humiliation, and her by the reflection that soon she will be far from that sacred spot, perhaps never more to stand upon it!

Away from it now, and on to the hill from which they may behold the Pacific!

In another hour they are upon it, and see the mighty ocean extending before them to the far horizon verge, the limit of their vision. All bright, beautiful, and blue. Only some dark specks in the dim distance, the lone isles of the Farallones more mysteriously, and not so far off, the "Seal Rock," and that called *de campana*, from its hollow arcade resembling the belfry of a church. Nearer, a long line of breakers, foam-crested, and nearer still a strip of shiny beach, backed by a broad reach of sand-dunes—*medanos*.

Seated in the saddle, they contemplate the superb panorama. The four are not together, but apart—two and two. Somehow or other, their horses have thus disposed themselves. The one ridden by Crozier having drawn up alongside that of Carmen, while the mustang so much mismanaged by Caldwell has elected to range itself beside that of Inez.

Perhaps the pairing has not been altogether accidental. Whether or no, it is done; and the conversation, up to that time general, is now reduced to the simplicity of the dialogue.

We must take the two pairs apart, giving priority to those who by years have the right to it.

Crozier, looking abroad over the ocean, says: "I shall soon be upon it."

He says it with a sigh.

"And I too," responds Carmen, in a tone singularly similar.

"Senorita, how soon do you think of leaving California?"

"Very soon; my father is already making arrangements and expects to get away in a week, or less. Indeed, this very day he has gone down to the harbor to see about a ship that will take us as far as Panama. After inviting you he was compelled to go, and commissioned me to apologize for the rudeness of his not being at home to receive you. He will be there by the time we get back."

"For that no apology is needed, I suppose you are very happy at the prospect of returning to Spain?"

"No, indeed, although it is my native land. On the contrary, it is a prospect that makes me rather miserable. I like California, and could live here forever. Don't you?"

"I do now. In two weeks from this time I should care no more for it."

"Why do you say that, Don Eduardo?" There is an enigma in your words. Will you please explain them?"

While asking these questions her gray-blue eyes look into his with an expression of searching eagerness, almost anxiety.

"Shall I tell you why, senorita?"

"I have asked you, senor."

"The answer is, I like California now because it contains what is to me the dearest object on earth—the woman I love. In two weeks I shall not care for the country, because she will be no longer in it. That, senorita, is the key to what you have called an enigma."

"Will you pardon a woman's curiosity, and tell me the name of the lady who can thus control your likes and dislikes of our dear California?"

Crozier hesitates, a red spot flashing up upon his cheek. He is going to pronounce the most important speech of his life. What if it should be coldly received? But no, he can not be mistaken. That question—asked so quaintly, yet so feelingly—surely it has courted the answer. He gives the name.

"Dona Carmen Montijo."

"Eduardo, are you in earnest? Can I take your words for true? Do not deceive me—in mercy do not. For if you do, I am lost—lost, to you—and I now tell you—I have surrendered my heart, my soul. Say that I have yours! Oh, say it!"

"I have said it, Carmen."

"Sincerely?"

"Look in my eyes for the answer."

She obeys; and the two bending nearer, seated in their saddles, for a time gaze into each other's eyes; the flashes from the blue crossing and commingling with the flashes from the brown.

Neither can mistake the meaning of those mutual glances. In both it is the light of love, pure as it is passionate.

Not another word passes between them. The dreaded crisis is over; and their hearts quivering with sweet content, they now turn their thoughts to the future, full of happy promise.

Near by are two other hearts, quite as happy as theirs, at the close of a scene less sentimental, and a conversation that, to one overhearing it, might appear only in jest. For all that, it was in real earnest, and so ended.

Following is the final speech of Caldwell, and the reply of his sweetheart:

"Inez, you're the dearest girl I ever met in all my cruising. Now don't let us beat about any longer, but take in sail and bring the ship to an anchor. Will you be mine, and marry me?"

"I will."

No need to stay longer there, no object for continuing to gaze over the ocean.

Their horses seem instinctively to understand this; and turning all together, set heads for home.

CHAPTER XIX.

A GOLPE DE CABALLO.

AN hour later on the same day.

The sun low down, almost touching the crest of the coast range hills.

Two horsemen moving along the Dolores road, their faces set for Francisco.

It is De Lara and Calderon returning from the *pelea de gallos*.

They have seen Don Manuel Losada, and arranged every thing about the duel. Faustino has finally determined to fight. Instigated by his more courageous confederate, and with the promise of strong backing by Losada—a sort of California bravo—his own courage is at length screwed to the sticking-point. It is kept there by *Caldan* brandy—they had found freely circulating around the cock-pit. A flask of it they have brought away with them, at intervals taking a pull, as they ride along the road.

Under the influence of this potent spirit Don Faustino has become quite valiant, and swears if he can once again set eyes on the *guardia marina* he will not leave him without giving an insult, gross enough to extract a challenge. *Carraambo!* he will do as De Lara has recommended: cuff him, kick him, spit in his face; any thing to make the *gringo* fight—that boy, a beard. And if he don't, then, *carraambo!* he shall apologize; get down upon his knees, acknowledge him, Faustino Calderon, the better man; and surrender all claims to the smiles of Inez Alvarez.

With this swaggering talk he entertains his gambling confederate, as the two are returning to the town.

De Lara, less noisy, is nevertheless excited. The Catalonian brandy has also affected him. Not to increase his courage, for of this he has enough already. But to remove the sullenness which, after the scene at Don Gregorio's house, had taken possession of his spirit. Six hours have since elapsed; for the first three brooding over his humiliation—what he is pleased to call his wrongs, the alcohol had set him up again, while he is still further rehabilitated by the prospect of speedy vengeance. He bases his hope of this on the knowledge of his skill as a swordsman. Although also a good shot, he prefers the sword for his weapon. And he congratulates himself that he is to have the choice; for, his antagonist having first demanded the card, must needs be the challenger.

This is a point that still troubles Don Faustino. As things stand he must challenge his intended adversary, giving the latter the advantage. The Spanish Californian, ready enough with steel, has a fear of firearms, and never fights with pistols unless forced.

Calderon keeps alluding to this as they ride on, notwithstanding that his comrade has pointed out how this difficulty is to be got over, and continues reminding him.

While thus engaged discussing the pros and cons of the forthcoming duel, there appears that of which promises to simplify the affair, as far as concerns the thought troubling Calderon.

Before their eyes at some distance along the road, a cloud of dust is ascending. In its midst can be distinguished the forms of horses—four of them—with riders on their backs.

Plying the spur, and galloping nearer, the gamblers make out that they are proceeding in the same direction as themselves—toward the town, or at all events for some point on the shore of the bay.

They do not need to waste time in conjecture. They are near enough to arrive at a certain conclusion, assisted by what they already know. It is remembered by them that a certain party has that day gone out for a *paseo de campo*. The figures comprising the cavalcade are four, and therefore correspond in number to the excursionists. In all probability it is they!

"Ho!" cries De Lara, at length becoming sure of it. "See, Faustino, you have the chance you've been wanting—you see it has come without your seeking it. A good omen. There's your *guardia marina*—your rival—with your sweetheart too, riding by his side. Now you can insult him to your heart's content. Come on, *camarado!* I intend giving a fresh affront to mine."

Saying this he plies the spur and forces his horse onward.

Calderon does likewise.

Soon they are close up to the party returning from their pleasant *paseo*. These are riding two and two, for the road is narrow, not permitting all abreast.

Crozier and Carmen are in the advance, Caldwell and Inez a hundred yards behind.

De Lara passes the latter without saying a word, leaving them to Calderon, who soon after comes up.

But now that he is up he does not know what to do. The clattering of hoofs behind has given warning to Caldwell, whose instinct tells him of intended outrage. He is made aware of it first, being nearest, and first prepares to repel it.

Suddenly wrenching his horse around, he draws his dirk—again that diabolical dirk—and holds it bare before the eyes of Calderon, coming up. Now not in sport, for the pricking of the Californian's horse, but in stern earnest to prick the rider himself if he do aught to provoke it.

This resolve can be read in the young officer's attitude. In his eyes, in the set of his features. There no longer the laugh of reckless boyhood, but the resolute determination of the man.

Badly as he sits his horse, it will not do to dash against him, as Calderon intended. The collision will cost life, and likely that of the aggressor.

Seeing this, the Californian suddenly reins up. Then swerving aside, goes on without giving the insult, either in act or speech. Despite the drink, his courage has deserted him. He is but too glad to get out of the scrape.

Somewhat crestfallen, like a knight compelled to lower his plume, he rides on after De Lara.

He gets up in time to be the witness of a scene somewhat similar in its commencement but of very different termination.

Crozier too, hearing hoofs behind, turns his horse and looks back.

He sees De Lara tearing toward him, and at a glance divines the intent. It is a *golpe de caballo*—a common mode of insult among Spanish Californians.

Instead of awaiting the collision, or turning aside to avoid it, he determines on a different course. He is upon a strong horse, and confident he can stay there.

With this confidence he faces toward the advancing enemy, and spurs straight at him.

Breast to breast they meet, and shoulder to shoulder they go crashing together. The men are both silent themselves; only a cry from Carmen, a shriek from Inez, simultaneous with the shock.

Then it is over, De Lara is seen rolling upon the road, his horse floundering in the dust beside him!

Instantly regaining his feet, he rushes to get hold of his pistols, still in the saddle holsters. He is too late. Caldwell has come up, and dropping from his mustang, as if from a poop deck, has made himself master of the weapons.

Disarmed, his glittering attire all over dust, discarded De Lara stands in the middle of the road. He can do nothing but only storm and threaten, interlarding his threats with vile epithets, and the emphasis of oaths.

The ladies, at Crozier's request, have ridden on ahead, and their ears are not offended.

After listening a short while to the exhibition of his impotent spleen—Caldwell laughing at it—Crozier calls out:

"Now, Don Francisco De Lara—for your card tells me that is your name—take a sailor's advice: go quietly to your quarters, and then show yourself out of sight till your temper cools down. We don't want you to walk; you shall have your horse, though not your shooting-irons. These I shall take care of myself, and may return them to you when next we meet."

After dictating these humiliating conditions, which, *volens nolens*, the defeated bravo is obliged to accept, the young officers turn their horses' heads to the road, and coolly canter away.

Having joined the senioritas, they continue their interrupted ride, with no fear of again being disturbed by a *golpe de caballo*.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 172.)

The Mad Detective: OR, THE GIRLS OF NEW YORK.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOB," "WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZEPA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

RUN TO EARTH.

As John Blaine had made the boast that woman's love would cling to him unto his dying day, he had carelessly turned his head around, more from usual caution than absolute fear, and as he did so he caught sight of a figure, that he was sure was Campbell's, crossing one of the side streets, a half a block down.

It was but a single glance he got at the man, but that was quite enough. He increased his pace, and when he got to the next corner, turned abruptly into the side street, and, taking to his heels, ran like a grayhound and almost as noiselessly.

Up the street a single block he went, then turned down at the corner and ran two blocks toward the river, then doubled back again to Catherine street, crossed it and went through to James, then up James to Chatham Square.

The twists and turns of the fugitive would have puzzled the keenest spy. Little wonder then that John Blaine breathed freely when he had crossed Catherine street, got into James street, and passed into the square.

"Now, my fine fellow, if you can follow me after this breather, you must have the scent of a bloodhound," Blaine muttered, as he walked across the open space.

Jumping into a car that was passing, Blaine rode down to the City Hall; then, taking one of the Broadway line of omnibuses at the Astor House, he proceeded up-town.

The reason for this movement was plain; the fugitive did not dare to pass up-town through the Bowery, where he might chance to encounter the spy whose watch he had baffled so cleverly.

And now we will return to Campbell, whom we left leaning against a post, evidently watching the interior of the steamer.

"I wonder if he's gone to bed?" the Virginian mused, finding that the subject of his watch did not come down from the upper cabin. "If so, we shall take him unawares."

And, speculating upon the amount of time that it would take for his messenger to reach the Central Office and return with the police, Campbell remained for quite a time motionless. Then, happening to glance down upon the dock, he saw an object on the floor which shone in the dim light like a piece of silver.

Supposing it to be a small coin which had been dropped by accident, he stepped forward and stooped to pick it up, but he found that the supposed coin was but the head of one of the dock-spikes, polished by the constant friction of feet shod with leather passing over it.

And this little circumstance, seemingly so trivial, had a strange bearing upon the fortunes of the escaped convict, for, as the Virginian rose from his stooping posture, he happened to glance along the side of the dock toward the upper gangway, and just at that very instant John Blaine's light figure passed over the plank.

The breath of the watcher came quick and hard between his firm-set teeth as his eyes glared upon the form of his foe. In an instant the suspicion flashed across his mind that his prey had detected him and was making an effort to escape.

Quickly the Virginian decided upon his course of action. Between the piles of freight was a dark nook, which would give him shelter and enable him to see Blaine if he should attempt to pass by and leave the dock.

He crouched down, and ten seconds later saw Blaine walk past. He noted the quick, eager glance of the fugitive as he went by the gangway, and the look confirmed his suspicion.

"He knows I'm after him!" the colonel muttered. Then he came from his hiding-place and crept cautiously after Blaine. He followed him across the square into Catherine street and dogged him up the street, and noticed him, too, when he cast the quick glance behind and then turned into the cross street.

"He's seen me, curse him!" cried Campbell, aloud, in rage, mute to the astonishment of the passers-by, and then he darted up the street like a madman, and turning into the dark cross street, whither Blaine had gone, ran on at his topmost speed. When he reached the first corner, he stopped to listen, uncertain whether to keep on or to turn to the right or to the left.

He had halted in the uncertain chance that he might hear the sound of the fugitive's flying footsteps and thus discover the way he had chosen.

The hope was vain; Blaine had far too great a start, and was too fleet and noiseless a runner. In despair the colonel could not help confessing to himself that the convict had gotten the better of him.

But the Virginian possessed his soul with patience and speculated how he might again strike upon the trail. Calmly he reviewed the situation. Frightened from the Bridgeport steamer, Blaine would not be apt to return there. Where, then, would he seek shelter?

For shelter he needs must have somewhere before the morning came, for, though his disguise

would pass muster well enough at night, it would be apt to be detected by day.

Then to the mind of the colonel came the thoughts of the Madison avenue house which had sheltered the fugitive before. The chances were ten to one that he would again seek concealment there. Of course it was almost impossible for Blaine to guess that his retreat was known, or, at all events, it was very unlikely that he should guess it.

And so the Virginian, who hated the escaped convict so bitterly, proceeded at once to the Bowery and took a car up-town.

Getting out at the corner of Third avenue and Thirty-ninth street, he proceeded through until he came to Madison avenue, and again took up his old post of observation.

It was now a little after ten o'clock and the avenue was almost deserted.

As the colonel waited and watched, he suddenly thought of the detectives whom he had summoned to the Bridgeport boat.

"By the time my bird gets snugly housed here they will be back at the Central Office, and then, after he's once in here, he'll not be apt to leave it to-night, and I can go for the officers myself."

Campbell had not been thirty minutes in his post of observation when he saw a figure cross the avenue, coming from the Broadway side, which bore a striking likeness to John Blaine. Campbell was too familiar with Blaine's peculiar, easy, graceful walk to be deceived.

"It's my man!" he muttered, in fierce joy. "I'll bet a thousand dollars against a cent!"

Campbell could hardly remain quiet, so great was his exultation. The prey, upon whose track he followed with so keen a scent and with such untiring feet, was walking blindly into the trap.

But, as John Blaine turned on the opposite side of the way to come up the avenue, he halted suddenly, as if he had been transformed by some potent miracle into stone.

The John Blaine that had walked with so free a step and so light a heart down the avenue an hour or two before, was quite a different man to the John Blaine who was now coming up the street, cautious, ill at ease, and expecting to discover a cat in every shadow.

Before, he went straight on, heedless of all around. Now his eyes roved constantly about him, and so keen were they, that the dark figure of the spy, concealed though it was in the obscurity of the doorway, did not escape their piercing glances, and it was that discovery that had stopped his onward progress so suddenly.

A single instant only Blaine halted, and then, turning around, he walked down the avenue at a fast rate. A second time he resolved to try the plan which before had succeeded so well, but the broad avenue was different from the narrow street, and besides, the Virginian, who had followed him promptly, was hardly half a block behind and not to be shaken off easily.

Turning suddenly to the left, Blaine went down one of the cross streets, but still behind steadily came the tracker.

Campbell was not endeavoring to overtake his prey. He was playing with him as the cat plays with a mouse. His object was not to lose sight of him, and to run him into the arms of a policeman if he could.

And the two men, though walking quite fast, excited no little attention. Campbell was afraid to raise an alarm lest in the confusion the fugitive should escape. He preferred to run him down himself, as he felt confident he could do.

On the two went, the first turning and twisting, and the second steadily after him. And from Thirty-eighth street to Fourteenth street a policeman did the two encounter.

Down Fourteenth street, heading toward the East river, Blaine went, increasing his walk almost to a run, and Campbell followed closely.

The furious pace had now moderated, the long distance had "winded" both prey and tracker.

Blaine's design was plain, to get into the narrow dark streets, and then, by sudden turns, elude his pursuer; such was Campbell's thought.

But, as Blaine walked on by the long row of tenement-houses, he suddenly darted up the steps of one of them and ran into the house.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SEARCHING THE TENEMENT-HOUSE.

THIS movement on the part of Blaine was quite a surprise to Campbell, but promptly he darted forward and pursued the fugitive into the house. He was only some twenty or thirty paces behind him.

In the hall the Virginian hesitated. Whether Blaine had gone up the stairs toward the roof, or found shelter in some of the apartments, was a puzzle which Campbell, speedily perceived would not be easily solved, but as he halted, uncertain, he heard a light footfall descending the stairs, and in a few seconds a boy, apparently about ten years old, came in sight.

A bright idea flashed across the colonel's mind. He would question the boy and find out from him whether the fugitive had passed up-stairs or not.

To his intense delight the boy answered that he had met a man dressed in dark clothes on the third landing, and that he was apparently in a hurry.

Eagerly Campbell questioned him.

"Had he light curly hair?"

"Yes," the boy replied, instantly, "and a very white face."

The colonel was satisfied; it was Blaine beyond a doubt. Then another brilliant idea came to the Virginian. He could dispatch the boy for a policeman, while he watched to see that the fugitive did not escape down the stairs again. The boy willingly agreed to go when Campbell proffered him a twenty-five-cent "stamp" for the service.

In five minutes the boy was back again, having found a policeman not twenty steps from the house. Fortune was fairly raining her favors down upon the Virginian now.

Briefly Campbell explained the situation to the officer, but that worthy shook his head in doubt.

"Not much chance of catching him," the officer said, dogmatically. "You see, sir, it's just two to one that he's gone straight up to the roof; and once he's there, he kin go over three or four houses, and then get down to the street again; that's the old game."

"They allus lock the door that leads out on the roof 'bout nine," said the boy, who had listened attentively to the conversation.

Campbell jumped eagerly at the hope.

"If the door is locked, we've got him, for he must be somewhere in the house," the colonel exclaimed.

"Right you are, sir!" cried the officer, sagaciously; "and the first thing is to find out if the door is locked. Run up, sonny, and see for us."

The boy departed instantly.

And as the lad says he passed him on the third landing, we might as well go up there," Campbell suggested.

"Better stop on the second," said the officer; "he might have doubled back after he passed the boy."

"If the door is locked, the inference is plain that he must be concealed in the house," Campbell observed.

"Quite correct!" replied the officer, with a knowing shake of the head.

"And then, I suppose, we must search the rooms?"

"Right you are ag'in; 'tisn't quite 'cording to Hoyle; but then the folks that live in these barracks don't put on many airs, and they generally have a proper respect for the officers of the law. It won't take us long to make the search; not many hiding-places in these little rooms; and I rather flatter myself I kin tell from the cut of their jib when we strike the right apartment. You see," the officer explained, "he probably got some acquaintances in the house that ain't on the square. I can tell the parties that are 'cross 'em—that's the thieves' lingo, you know—'bout as soon as I put my two eyes on 'em. I ain't walked these blessed streets for nothing."

The boy returning put an end to the conversation. He reported that the door leading to the roof was locked.

The two had ascended the stairs during their brief conversation, and met the boy on the second landing.

"We'll have to search the rooms, then," said the officer, thoughtfully. "I tell yer, we'll fix it this way; you know the party, and I don't. I'll knock at the doors and explain what's wanted, then you go through the rooms while I'll keep watch at the

got away, eh?" the officer questioned. "It's plain enough to me. He either didn't come upstairs at all, or else the key was in the door which leads to the roof, and he just went out, took the key with him, and locked the door on the outside; then he ran over the roof and went down to the street through some other house. It's an old dodge. I've seen a chap play it right in the daytime with two or three officers smack at his heels, and get away, too."

"No, it's not that," the Virginian muttered, his mind returning slowly from the dreamland in which it had been wandering. "It's the face of that girl in there," and Campbell pointed to the room which he had just left.

"What of it?" asked the officer in wonder. "She's a pretty girl and a ladylike girl, too, but I don't see anything in her face for to knock a man off a heap."

"I don't understand it myself," the colonel said, slowly. "It has made a wonderful impression upon me. The face seems so familiar, and yet I can't remember that I ever saw one like it before."

The policeman looked at the Virginian for a moment in wonder, and then muttered something in an undertone about "a first-class subject for a first-class 'looney' asylum." Then he advanced briskly toward the door at the head of the stairs and rapped.

The door was opened by Mrs. Murphy, the mother of the boy, in person. The officer explained his business, and Campbell proceeded to search the rooms.

There were only Mrs. Murphy and Chocolate, who was tending the baby, in the apartments; the rest of the family had gone off to attend a "wake."

The sagacious officer expected to again see Campbell struck "all of a heap," as he would have expressed it, at the sight of Chocolate, for he had got an idea in his head that his companion was slightly cracked in the upper story, and that the fresh, innocent face of a young girl developed his madness. But the officer was disappointed. Beyond a single searching glance, Campbell paid no attention to the young girl.

Within three minutes the search was concluded, and no trace of John Blaine was discovered.

And as Campbell closed the door behind him and stood on the landing, apparently in deep thought, he cast an earnest glance at the door of Mary's room, as if he wished again to behold the face that had affected him so strangely.

The policeman, who was half-way downstairs, noticed the hesitation of his companion, and stopped in wonder to observe him.

"Blessed if he ain't at it again!" he muttered.

But Campbell conquered the strong impulse and slowly followed the officer down-stairs, pausing every now and then to cast a glance behind him, as though he was half inclined to go back.

The policeman kept his eye upon him and became more and more convinced that his suspicion was correct as he regarded the lunacy of the searcher after John Blaine. The sudden flash across the mind of the worthy officer flashed the thought that perhaps the statement of Campbell that he had chased the escaped convict into the tenement-house was but the delusion of a madman. And the officer swore like a trooper to himself when he reflected that he had wasted half an hour or more in the search.

"I wonder if I hadn't ought to 'take him in,'" muttered the policeman, dubiously, as he stood on the sidewalk, and surveyed Campbell, who was descending the steps.

But out in the cold night air, in the face lit up by the flickering glare of the gaslight, the policeman could detect no trace of madness. The Virginian was himself again.

"I am really sorry I've put you to all this trouble," Campbell said. "It is a wonder how this man has contrived to elude us. I am of the opinion, though, that the boy was mistaken, and that he did not go upstairs at all."

"He might have got off by way of the roof, you know," suggested the officer.

"Perhaps so."

"Well, I'm sorry we didn't nab him," the officer observed, reflectively. "I should have liked to have raked in that little five hundred reward that is offered for him; but better luck next time. We can't 'keno' every lick, you know. I'll just tell the roundsman 'bout the affair, and he'll warn all the officers on post near to keep their eyes open for this chap. Maybe we'll get him 'fore morning now; good-night."

The officer moved off, and from that time until he was relieved from his beat, he found plenty of occupation in arguing with himself whether the Virginian was a sane man or a "looney."

And Campbell, in front of the tenement-house, gazed up at the lighted windows, as though with his piercing eyes he would tear from the dark bricks and the transparent glass the secret of John Blaine's almost miraculous escape.

For full twenty minutes the colonel remained motionless as a statue, his brain in a whirl of conflicting thoughts.

Then suddenly he seemed to recover his senses.

"Much good it will do me to stand staring here, like a fool, up at this building," he muttered, savagely. "Oh, what an idiot I was that I didn't jump upon him in the street! I took a fiendish pleasure in following so close upon his track and thinking of the agony that he must endure in his fruitless efforts to elude me. But at last he did the trick and threw me off the scent. By this time he is probably a mile or so away, and laughing in his sleeve at his success in getting the best of me. I had the bird right in my hand and yet did not grasp him. I'll know better next time. But now what shall I do to hit upon his track again?" Then Campbell turned and walked up the street, meditating deeply.

"He will not attempt to go back to the house in Madison avenue, now that he knows that his retreat there is discovered. He will hardly try to leave the city, for he will surely guess that this night's work will render the police doubly vigilant. There's only one thing for me to do: watch that Irishman; he is in communication with Blaine and will lead me to him again, just as he did this time. And now the first thing for me to do is to go down to the Central Office and give all the particulars of my chase to-night."

And jumping into a street-car at the corner, Campbell rode at once down-town.

Some twenty minutes after the rooms of Mrs. Murphy had been searched by the amateur detective, Chocolate resigned the baby to Mrs. Murphy, bid her good-night and proceeded to her own apartments. To her astonishment she found that the door was locked.

She rapped, and after a moment or so she could hear Mary's footsteps as she came to the door, but the girl did not open it, but spoke:

"Who is it?"

"Me—Chocolate," replied the second Mary, emphatically, if not with a due regard for Lindley Murray.

Then there was a delay of a minute or so, at which Chocolate wondered greatly, and Mary unlocked the door and opened it.

As Chocolate entered the little kitchen she

was astonished at Mary's appearance. Her face was deadly pale, and she was trembling in every limb, evidently under the influence of some great excitement.

"Why, Mary, what is the matter with you, and why did you lock the door?"

"I—I was frightened," Mary stammered, in a low voice, evidently speaking only with a great effort.

The explanation was reasonable, and Chocolate did not wonder now that the girl had locked the door. She came close up to the trembling girl and placed her arm around her waist.

"Just think of an escaped convict coming right here in the house; we might all be murdered!" she said. "Why, how you're trembling, Mary! I've got a bottle of hairbrush in the pocket of my black dress in the bedroom; I'll get it."

Chocolate advanced toward the dark room, but with a cry of alarm, Mary flung herself before the door.

"No, no, you must not enter here!" she exclaimed, wildly.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 167.)

Tales of the Border.

"Wild Austin's" Race.

BY CAPT. BRUN ADAMS.

A short time subsequent to the establishment of a fortified post at Boonesboro, a small party of adventurous settlers located lands, and began the erection of a block-house upon the northern bank of the Beech Fork of Salt river in what is now known as Nelson county.

While engaged in the difficult and arduous task of getting out and properly placing the heavy timber requisite for the construction of the stockade, the settlers were necessarily much exposed to sudden and unexpected attacks from their savage foe, and so pressing did this danger at length become, that it was determined to forego the project and retreat to a safer position.

But, just at this moment of depression, a circumstance transpired which at once restored courage and confidence, and the work was renewed and pushed rapidly forward to completion.

It had become known that the Indians were massing upon the northern bank of the Ohio river with the intention of making a general raid throughout the border settlements, and the alarm was general over the exposed districts.

With the little party who were laboring hard to erect their place of shelter before the storm should burst, the day had been one of much more than usual alarm and uneasiness.

The hunters who had gone out at early morning to procure food, had hastily returned, after an absence of less than an hour, bringing with them the unwelcome intelligence that they had discovered fresh Indian "sign" in the valley that lay beyond the range of hills less than a mile to the northward.

The trail disclosed was that of quite a large party, and its close proximity to where they were felling trees, clearly indicated that it was impossible for the savages to have passed by without becoming aware of what was going on.

The fact that the trail led off in an easterly direction—that is away from the camp—gave them no hope that such was not the case; indeed, the more experienced saw in this but a ruse to throw them off their guard.

A hasty council was held, and it was determined to at once begin the retreat on Boonesboro.

With heavy hearts the pioneers formed in line to begin their march. The word to advance was about to be uttered, when, suddenly, all eyes were turned toward a thicket bordering the clearing from whence came the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps.

A moment later the bushes parted, and out into the open there strode a figure of wild and startling aspect.

It was that of a man of gigantic stature, clad in garments as far as height was concerned, clad from head to foot in the skins of wild animals, with no covering upon his head save that afforded by an immense shock of sunburned, matted hair, and possessing no arms save a long hickory pole, upon the smaller end of which was fastened a blade shaped much like that of the old-fashioned sickle or reaper.

The gaunt, cadaverous face of this singular being was perfectly bloodless, a sickly, clayey color, but from out it there glared a pair of wild, fierce eyes, in the depths of which the most careless observer would have detected the slumbering fires of insanity.

Although this sudden appearance of the strange-looking creature caused the utmost astonishment, yet it was evident that he was not unknown to the settlers, as became manifest by various exclamations, such as "Wild Austin!" "He's roaming again," etc., thereby implying not only a knowledge of the man's name, but of some peculiar mode of procedure upon his part as well.

The settlers were not given much time in which to speculate upon the cause of this visit.

Reaching the center of the clearing, Wild Austin—such was the name by which he was known throughout the wilderness—suddenly paused, and stretching out his arm toward the north, exclaimed in a shrill, piercing voice:

"Are ye blind that ye see them not as they steal upon ye from the forest? They will be upon ye before these shadows shall shorten a single inch! Be ready!" and, before a question could be asked, or a hand laid upon his arm to detain him, the singular being had disappeared as rapidly as he had come.

This was not the first time that they had heard of Wild Austin's warnings; hence his command to be ready was at once complied with.

Three of the men were stationed in the rear with their axes to keep up an appearance of work, while the remainder laid in ambush some little distance in advance, toward the north, the direction indicated as the probable point of attack.

As the wild man had said, the shadows had shortened scarcely an inch when the watchful settlers saw through rifts in the foliage the dusky forms of their wily foes as they flitted from cover to cover in their silent approach.

The surprise of the ambush was complete, overwhelming, and the savages, almost certain of an easy victory, were literally cut in pieces, but three, I believe, of the whole number escaping.

This decisive victory enabled the settlers to complete, or very nearly so, the stockade before another attempt toward their destruction was made.

This fortunate warning was delivered to these adventurers upon the banks of the Beech Fork about an hour before noonday.

At the same time, but fully thirty miles distant, with a rugged, mountainous country between, there was another party of whites engaged in erecting a building for one of their number who was yet houseless.

It was what was then termed a "log-rolling" there being present some fifteen or twenty stalwart pioneers, who had come many miles from various directions to assist in sheltering their "neighbor."

They had worked steadily and successfully during the day, and when the sun was yet two hours high, the last log had been hoisted and firmly secured in its place.

At this moment the sound of some one hastily tearing the way through the tangled undergrowth was heard, and as every one turned in the direction indicated, the startling figure of Wild Austin, his hairy clothing disarranged, his colorless face streaming with perspiration, and his angular shoulders rapidly rising and falling with his labored breathing, burst from the bushes and rushed for where the astounded group stood.

"To cover, ev'ry one of ye! Thered heathens are upon ye! See how they come from the east!" and, with a paring word of caution, he dashed into the forest upon the opposite side from that by which he had entered, and was lost in an instant.

Never losing their presence of mind, no matter what the emergency might be, the settlers leaped for cover, and in less than half a minute were ready for the attack.

It came soon afterward, the Indians running headlong into the deadly trap, to be slaughtered almost to a man.

Ten miles westward of this place there was a small block-house, located upon the banks of "Stoner's run," around which were a number of settlers' cabins, the whole standing within a clearing of several hundred acres in extent.

The block-house was intended for the protection of the entire settlement, the families, in time of danger, to desert their houses and take refuge behind its stronger walls.

The sun was just sinking to rest behind a low range of hills in the west, his last rays lingering upon the peaceful scene within the clearing, as if loth to leave.

The day's work was over; the old folks were seated in the doorways of their cabins, watching the children at play upon the green plot, which was to be the "square" of the town, when such the hamlet should become.

Every thing was calm and peaceful and hopeful, when suddenly, every man, woman and child were thrilled with fear as a shrill, almost unearthly cry came ringing out of the dense forest from the east, closely followed by the uncouth form of Wild Austin, who, with violent gesticulation, came bounding forward with the speed of a wounded buck.

Farthest from the center of the cluster of huts, four little children were playing. These he snatched, two upon either arm, and with them continued his headlong race.

"To the block-house with ye," he called. "The red heathens are at your door! Take your little ones; leave all else and flee!"

While shouting these words he was himself making for the block-house, the door of which he was first to reach.

Here he deposited his burden, and, waiting only long enough to see the last settler in safety, he waved an adieu, and was away just as the first war-whoop pealed out of the forest upon the opposite side.

It is only necessary for me to say that no one of this little settlement was injured, nor were their cabins, these being effectually protected by their position from the block-house.

But, Wild Austin's work was not yet done.

Twelve miles distant there was another settlement directly upon the line of the raid, and still as much or more beyond this was Buford's stockade, which latter would undoubtedly be invaded.

The first of these remarkable men reached in time to put the people upon their guard, and at daylight he stood upon the edge of the clearing around Buford's, only to find that the savages had beaten him in that race at last.

But, fortunately, the fort had received warning, and consequently was safe.

Here his journey in this direction ceased.

Since ten o'clock the previous day he had traversed, over mountain and valleys, across rivers and densely timbered bottom lands, nearly or quite sixty miles, a truly wonderful feat when the man's age and character of country is considered.

For many years Wild Austin devoted himself to this work of watching the movements of the Indians and warning the white settlers of impending danger.

Whence he came none knew, and, as he himself never alluded to his past history, the secret died with him.

Nor was it ever known how he came by the name "Wild Austin."

In fact, beyond the knowledge that such a man existed, and that in his way he did an immense amount of good, but little was known.

His death, like his life, was a mystery.

After one of his "rounds" of warning he disappeared and was never seen again, but for many years, indeed to the present day, Wild Austin and his remarkable deeds are discussed by the residents in many a Kentucky home.

Forecastle Yarns.

The Cabin-Boy's Gratitude.

BY C. D. CLARK.

"I'll never forget it, boys," said Jimmy Dillon, turning his quid in his cheek, "till the time comes when the Great Commodore calls all hands on deck. I'm a rough man, I allow, and likely I've done some mean things, but I calculate to be sorry for it when I have time to think it over; but I'll never forget that boy, or how he died."

And when I am coward and skulk enough to forget it, may old Davy Jones take me—and serve me right!

"He was only about fourteen—that boy—and he had one of the sweetest, patientest faces you ever saw. Not the kind of boy to be in the cabin of an African coaster, you'll say, but there he was, cabin-boy in the Esperanza."

"We was in the gold-dust and ivory trade. I have heard that the captain knew the coast afore and that the Esperanza had been a slaver. Anyhow, that was all past and done, and we was picking up a cargo along the coast of Sierra Leone, as the blacks thought it in."

I don't know where the captain picked up George Lane, because he was in the schooner before I shipped and never would tell much about himself. I have thought that he was the son of some rich people, for he had haughty ways with him sometimes, not like a foremast hand.

(Jack Phelps, if you dig me in the ribs with your elber again, I'll forgive my peaceful nature, by gracious.) Then again, he didn't scuff his grub the way you do, Jack Phelps, but took it like a gentleman.

"We hadn't been three days on the coast when I made a friend of little George. The Kroon came out to the ship and said that some of the chiefs wanted to trade, and the captain went ashore, after giving George orders to follow in another canoe, and bring some calicoes and cheap jewelry with him. Perhaps you have never seen the Kroon come through a surf. If you haven't, then you have missed seeing the pluckiest boatmen in the world, for I never seen the surf yet they wouldn't try to go through. I was ordered to go with George, and those fellows headed for the surf, the light came

none just seeming to touch the white caps as she flew. I'd seen some boating and I tell you it made me hold my breath. Whaling is child's play to it. It's like going in on a whale in his flurry. It was awful warm on that coast, and I didn't have much on me except a calico shirt and thin drawers, for I had a notion we'd get spilled in that surf, somehow. They went into it head on, and the next minute we was rolling over and over, boxed about like feathers by the awful force of the sea. I could have saved myself easy enough, but I wasn't going to leave that boy. I caught a glimpse of his head close to me and caught him by the hair just as he was sinking. He was a plucky little fellow, too, for he didn't grab into me and sink us both, and I told him to put his hands on my sides and kick, and struck out through the surf. It was a hard tussel, but after we were washed about until I was almost gone, the Kroon dragged us ashore."

"You never saw a boy so grateful as little George. After that I couldn't keep him away from me, and wherever I went he went, too. We picked up what we could at this place, and went further south where we ran into a little river—one of the old slave depots. The ruins of an old 'barracoon' stood on the flat land just above us. It used to be kept by 'Mongo Jack,' a big slave-dealer, who was killed by the blacks, and his barracoon burned, seven years before. The blacks were peaceful now and ready to trade, but it was an awful place. The very air seemed to blister as it touched, and a sickly, unwholesome vapor arose from the sluggish water of the river. But the captain was a man who never left a place when there was a chance of trading, and the gold-dust and ivory were coming in every day. I didn't like to stay in the river, but of course, as I couldn't walk in the water, I had to stay."

"But it was rough on the boys. Two or three of them had coast-fever in a week, and the captain sent them ashore to one of the huts and got the blacks to nurse 'em. They got well, and pretty soon I began to feel some kind of sickness coming on. George watched me like a woman, and as I got sicker, the captain sent me ashore too. But no sooner did the old black woman who had nursed the red see my face than she gave a yell like a North American Indian and broke for the woods. The old man sent another woman, but she lit out the same way, and from the jabbering of the blacks the captain made out that I had got the small-pox."

"It's mighty hard to forgive that man," said Jimmy, grating his teeth. "When he heard what was the matter with me, he tried to find a man among the crew that had had the pestilence, but no one had done so, and he quarantined them. Not a man was allowed to go within a quarter of a mile of the place where I lay, crazy with the foul sickness. Some of the blacks would sneak in once in a while and look at me, but they wouldn't stay, and I was left to die. Then I went mad, and remember nothing more until the tenth day, when I came out of my madness to feel a soft hand putting a damp cloth on my forehead. I opened my eyes, and could just see that it was George."

"You here, little un?" I cried. "Go away from me; all my shipmates deserted me, so let me die!"

"You are not going to die—this bout," he said, laughing, cheerfully. "Here, drink this!"

"He gave me some cooling drink, and went about the cabin, humming a low, sweet tune. His face was very pale, and there was a black mark upon his forehead that looked like a blow."

"Where did you get that mark?" I asked.

"Never mind now," said he; "I'll tell you when you are stronger."

"I got better fast, and when I was strong enough to sit up I asked George how he came there, and he told me. When he knew that I was sick he went down on his knees to the captain and begged to go and nurse me. It was no use; the captain was afraid that the schooner would be infected, and he would not let him come. At last George got wild."

"I tell you that I will go," he cried. "He saved my life!"

"The captain struck the boy and knocked him senseless to the deck. That night he slipped over the side and got to me, and the captain, coward as he was, dared not come after him. That boy saved me, and the Providence which watches over all saved him from the captain, who would have flogged him to death when he came back. I'd have killed him for it, boys, but you know what a common Jack gets when he bucks against the officers. The captain took the coast fever, and would you believe it, that boy went and nursed him. But he died, and the first mate was captain of the ship. I was fit for duty, and we went on down the coast, and at last sailed for the States."

"That boy was fated never to see the land. He had escaped the small-pox, but the coast fever had got into his bones and he was brought very low. Boys, I don't cry easy, but I blubbered like a baby when I saw that boy's cheek grow thinner day after day, and the light of his eyes grow dim. He never told us who he was, or how he came to ship. 'Better die unknown,' he said; and he buried in the sea. No one ever loved me as you love me, dear old Jimmy. He had hold of my tarry fist when he said that, and I bent close to him, and he lifted his weak hand and put it on my neck, and kissed me, and I—blast the luck, I can't stand it! He died, and we buried him at sea, and yet he seems to hover near me and to smile upon me. I ain't good enough ever to go to him."

The rough sailor covered his face with his hands, and the great tears trickled through his fingers. No man dared trust himself to speak, and a dead silence reigned in the fore-castle of the Jennie June.

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THE BAKERMAN.

BY W. J. HAMILTON.

Bill Ben was a bakerman
Residing in our town,
Whose bread quite readily came up
And readily went down.

One day he met Jimma Jones,
Says he, "Why, bless her soul,
That dandelion is my sweet tart
And love shall be my roll!"

He spoke to her in flattery tones,
"I'm kneading sympathy,
Your smile would make my heart as light
As any loaf could be."

It was in winter-time when earth
Was frosted like a cake,
And many pleasant rides did take
In a cake cutter take.

His breast was like an oven warm
For her, at night or noon,
The very thought of her would stir
His feelings like a spoon.

But this girl's father, Mr. Jones,
Rolled up his fearful eyes,
Says he, "I will not have this mix-
This baker's dainties!"

Says he, "These ties I'll ginger snap,
And break that baker's head;
My girl shall never marry one
Unless he's better bread!"

When William found his cake was dough
He could not be appeased,
And all his spirits fell, although
He swallowed lots of yeast.

He walked about all covered o'er
With grief and flour dust,
He grew as sad as bread; his life
Was but a burnt-up crust.

His cakes were no more sweet to him,
He was so much cast down;
He felt, though every thing looked blue
That he was quite done brown.

He found his life was shortening;
And, as their only hope,
Upon a very gloomy night,
They started to elope.

But Mr. Jones got wind of this,
And leapt into a knowing grope,
With baking-powder by the quart,
And doughnuts by the ton.

He ran them to the bakery,
And there to end his life,
They jumped into a knowing grope,
And drowned themselves in flour.

Tales of the Foothills.

THE MINER'S WARNING.

BY W. J. HAMILTON.

BILL PETERS told the story at the camp-fire.
"Mat Frazee was a half-breed, and had a claim next to ours in the Oregon diggings. He was a man whose every look was ugly, and who never forgot nor forgave a fancied injury. My chum at this time was Bob Brett, better known as 'Spurry,' from the combative nature which characterized him. Bob gloried in the fight, no matter what the odds so that he could only be 'counted in.' Not that he was quarrelsome, you understand, but if there was a row anywhere in camp, you could take an affidavit that 'Spurry' was not far away. He had not been two days in camp when he found himself pitted against Mat Frazee.

The half-breed was one mass of bone and sinew, a wiry athlete, whom it would take a good man to handle; but if the man lived that could stand up against 'Spurry,' I never met him in the foothills, and they raise some fighting chickens there, too. I was in the bar of the shanty which passed for a grocery and hotel, when I heard a crash of glasses, and soon saw that 'Spurry' had Mat across a table, and was giving it to him—good. Don't ask me what started the row; you know how little it takes to set one going in a mining-camp. Perhaps Spurry refused to drink—a fighting excuse every time—or perhaps it was something else; I don't know, certain. Anyhow, Mat got shucked out the worst you ever saw; and when we parted them he looked as if he had been run through a quartz mill, and come out with the tailings. He just gave 'Spurry' a look before he left, the chancy and those that knew him said he meant business, and that he would never rest until he had Spurry Brett's life.

'Spurry' didn't seem to mind it at all. Bless you, he never thought of holding a grudge, and had only licked Mat 'for fun,' as the saying is, but Mat didn't seem to look at it in that way. He never spoke to us after that night, and in less than a week he left the diggings, and men said he had crossed to Gold Hill, because he couldn't bear to be in the mines after he was licked. I felt better when he was gone, for I confess I didn't like the way he looked at Spurry after the fight, and never was so happy as when I thought we had seen the last of his black face. But we hadn't got done with him yet.

"We made a pile in that claim, boys, and then nothing would do but we must go down to Sacramento and spend it. Dust never stays long in my pockets, boys; seems to burn a hole in them, like; but, when we started from the camp, I had about five thousand in dust strapped round my waist, and Spurry had about the same. He knocked down more in Briggs' shanty than I did the day we came away, and lost ten ounces to a monkey man. I told the fool not to play but he would bet on his luck.

"We took a lonesome road across the mountains to get to Oregon, because he had heard some talk of 'Road Agents' down by Murty's ranch. I didn't want to have them knock down on all my hard diggings, and I was ready for a fight, anyhow. We had revolvers and rifles, and knew well how to use 'em, too. A mountain man that can't do that ain't worth shucks. We pegged away through the passes pretty much all that day, and made a camp at night in a dark pass. Just on the edge of dusk a footman came down the pass, walking swift and looking over his shoulder as if he feared followers, and when he saw us he drew iron and said:

"Come now; no tricks upon travelers. Who are you?"

"We might ask the question, seeing that we have the ground first," said Spurry, laying his hand on a shooter. "We are honest men; now, who may you be?"

"As honest as yerself, gentlemen," he said, coming forward, boldly. "I was making for Oregon, and as I heard some talk of road-agents, about here, I didn't know but I'd chanced on some of 'em. What diggers?"

"We told him, and where we were bound, and he came forward and sat down by us on the grass. He was a regular-built miner, that was plain, but I can't say I liked his looks, somehow. There was something in his eyes, and the way he pressed his lips together, that made me think him poor company for honest men. I looked hard at him and he looked hard at me, and neither of us made much out of the other. He was dark and wore a heavy beard, and looked like a wily customer, and that was all you could say of him. Spurry, who never thought harm of any human creature, began to talk to him like a brother, and was telling him why we were going down the river, but I stopped him.

"Your friend is afraid to let you talk, I see," he said, laughing. "He thinks you may tell too much, and are not capable of taking care of yourself."

"If I thought that," said Spurry, looking hard at me and drawing a long breath, "he and I would have a tussle. But it's no use, chummy. I know Bill Peters like a book, and he's game to the back."

"The man shrugged his shoulders and said he did not doubt it, and thought he would make a fire and cook something, but I stopped that."

"I thought you were afraid of the road-agents, stranger?" I said.

"So I am."

"And we don't love them; so on the whole I reckon you needn't build any fire. Here's jerked venison in plenty, and you must graze for one night on that."

"He took some of the venison and ate it slowly, looking at me all the time, and I caught his eye. It gave me a shock, for, somehow, it seemed to me that I had met that fierce glance before. We lay down when it got dark, but I could not sleep. Half a dozen times I started up and looked at the sleeping figure under the tree, not knowing whether to trust him or not. At last I fell asleep and slept, perhaps half an hour when I had a fearful dream. Some one was trying to take Bob Brett's life, and in struggling to reach him and give him aid, I woke, and saw that our new friend had tossed off his blanket and was half-kneeling beside 'Spurry,' looking down into his face. Then he rose, and stealing softly to my side, looked at me. I got my revolver out under the blanket, and pretended to be sleeping, but out of the corner of my eye I watched him.

"Brett! first, I heard him mutter, as he moved away with cat-like steps. I caught the gleam of steel, and quick as a flash my pistol came out, and I leveled at him in the clear moonlight.

"Hold your hand!" I cried. "Throw up, or you die!"

"He turned like a tiger and leaped upon me, so suddenly that I missed him, but being quick, I slipped out of his way, and when he turned again the pistol was at his head.

"Drop that toothpick, stranger," I said. "I'll have to ask you to do it."

"I saw Bob picking himself up slowly, but our enemy did not. 'You may miss,' said the fellow, drawing a revolver in his turn. 'If you do—'

"Something struck him just then and he went down like an ox, and did not stir. We took away his weapons, and as we did so I saw that part of his whiskers at least was false, and when I pulled at it the whole came away, revealing the face of Mat Frazee!

"I started back with a cry, and had hardly done so when he leaped to his feet and ran past me, with Spurry in close pursuit. I followed as swiftly as I could, and came up to them after a half-hour's run, staggering upon the brink of a deep canon, looked in a deadly grapple. I ran in to aid my friend, when one of them uttered a wild cry and fell backward into the canon, and the other, wild-eyed and fierce, was kneeling on the brink looking down at him as he fell. I caught hold of Bob and dragged him back, and we took another route and reached the bottom, where we found Mat lying dead, crushed out of the semblance of humanity by contact with the rocks.

"I have always believed that if my dream had not awaked me, he would have murdered us both as we lay. At any rate, he deserved his fate."

Strange Stories.

THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.
A Legend of Durham.

BY AGILE PENNE.

In the waning light of an April eve a mailed knight rode through the dells of Durham. Past the strong castle of Auchandrie, straight for the gray walls of the abbey of St. John he rode.

His armor was as sable as the raven's wing, his face as pale as the face of the dead; and the broad red cross blazoned upon his breast, told that he had fought against the Saracen foe in the Holy Land.

At the door of the abbey the knight dismounted, and with the hilt of his heavy sword, knocked loud and long.

In haste from the chancel came a gray friar, in wonder at the call, and to the knight he sternly spoke:

"Why knockest thou here?" he cried. "This is no hostel, and we have our mass to say. Knowest thou not that in the twilight gray we say our evening prayer? Come at morning tide, and then whatever thy behest to me I—"

"Nay!" cried the stranger, in haste, extending his mailed hand, while the live west wind stirred his scarf of blue and the raven plumes of his crest. "I can not delay. I have come from foreign lands and seen the sun of June set over holy Jerusalem. I have seen its towers silvered beneath the moon. I have battled for the cross, the symbol on my mail; have stood by the sepulcher where our good Lord was laid, and have drank of Siloa's brook that flows in the cool shade of the palm; why then, with faltering words, should I prolong a needless tale?"

The Lady Elinore—was to me—as yesterday left alone in your cold vaults. By the red torchlight was she buried. Now, holy father, I would see her grave who stood my heart and heaven between."

Slowly the gray friar shook his head.

"It may not be," he said, "but at the matin hour, if thou knock at the porch of the abbey of Saint John, thou shalt not knock in vain."

At the speech, anger flashed over the brow of the Red-Cross Knight like storm-clouds over the sky.

"Now by our Lady's holy name, and by the good Saint John, I must gaze on the features of the dead, though I hew my path through stone!" he cried, and the ready sword came flashing half-way up.

In sore affright the gray friar led the way to the chancel vault, where his waxen taper burned dim, and the moldering banners on the sable walls told of the fall of pomp and pride.

Within the vault of the house of Auchandrie lay the mortal remains of the Lady Elinore.

The knight tore the shroud from the waxen face, and dropped upon his knees beside the corpse. Hot and bitter were the tears that came from the eyes of the warrior bold.

A slender circlet of gold upon her finger shone. 'Twas the gift of the Red-Cross Knight ere he to the holy wars had gone.

Twice he kissed the ring upon the finger of the dead, and then with a gasp and a groan he caught by the throat the friar gray, and forced him to his knee.

"Now tell me, thou ghostly father, how came my love to die?" the knight cried in accents wild. "I ask thee not for the secrets thou hast learned under the confessional seal, but of the common report, that, passing from man to man, in idle gossip, has reached thee. Speak, no matter whom the tale may taint, or else by the fiend I swear, thy death is near."

A moment the good monk looked into the face of the Red-Cross Knight, and saw the maniac glare. The father was but man; he broke no faith, and so he spoke; a rude, disjointed tale, but yet enough to fill the veins of the stranger knight with hot and angry blood.

Again he kissed the circlet of gold, and then he sprung to his feet, and stalked through the vaults so drear. Out of the portal he passed, and mounting his barbed steed, rode down the winding valley.

When the gray friar knelt in prayer that night, he prayed for the soul of the Lord of Auchandrie.

At break of dawn on the following day a henchman rode with speed up the winding valley. His steed was white with foam, and the rider's face was pale with fear. In haste he knocked at the abbey gate, and a woeful tale he told.

"A monk—a monk, in heaven's name!" he cried, "to shrieve the Lord of Auchandrie. On a bed of death he lies struck down by a Red-Cross Knight all in sable armor clad!"

Quick from his couch rose the abbot gray; deep in grief was he, for Thomas of Auchandrie had gifted the church with broad and goodly lands, and his keen sword had ever been ready in the cause of the holy rood.

He bade the henchman enter and partake of the abbey's cheer, while a holy brother on his steed would haste to the succor of the dying man.

Fast down the winding valley rode the gray friar, a tall and gloomy man was he, an especial favorite, too, had he been with Thomas of Auchandrie.

The towers of the castle rose full before him, and then he rode down into the dingle dell, where thick the oak-trees grew. Up from the wilderness wild started an armed man, and whispered the monk's bridle-rein.

"Now hold thee, friar!" he cried, "and rest thee here till I return again; and give me thy gown so gray and thy hood of black. I know thy errand; dismount; that errand for thee I'll do!"

In vain were the words of the holy man; the stranger plucked him from his horse, stripped off the gown and cowl, then bound the father hand and foot and left him amid the dingle dell.

And then in the guise of a gray friar, freed from his armor of proof, the stranger rode straight for the castle of Auchandrie.

Wide open flew the gates at his approach; seneschal and warder joyed alike that the monk had come to shrieve their dying lord.

To the chamber of the knight of Auchandrie the friar came and he knelt by the side of the stricken man.

"Welcome, welcome, holy father," cried Thomas of Auchandrie, in accents weak and low. "I would pour my sins into thy ear and absolution seek. I have been a sinful man, but do now repent me of my deeds; yet as the hopes of life do pass away, the fears of death begin. But chiefly I would tell to thee my deepest crime. A gentle lady my kinsman loved, and before he donned the red cross and braved the seas to combat afar with the Saracen, he left a solemn trust to me. My cousin fair, the Lady Elinore, he loved, and I swore to him, that Red-Cross Knight, that to me a sister she should be until his return. But my kinsman was only rich in heart, while I had broad lands and great stores of gold; so instead of nursing her love for him, I wooed her for myself."

Then to his feet started the gray friar, but the dying man clutched his robe and held him fast.

"Nay, holy father, hear me out; the worst I have not told," cried the conscience-stricken man, in anguish wild. "Though the blood of a Norman peer is in my veins, yet I am the worst of villains. My suit the lady spurned, and for my love no love gave back, though I wooed her with gifts and gold, and then with awful sleight I forged a cartel from the Holy Land, telling that Sir Edmund, the Red-Cross Knight, had fallen by the Saracen's hands."

Then failed the voice of the guilty man, and his breath was quick and hard.

The friar bent low over the couch, and fiercely gleamed his eyes.

"And the tidings broke the heart of the Lady Elinore, she pined and died. Now tell me the name of the scribe who wrote the scroll?" he cried.

"Father Francis, in your own house of St. John," gasped the dying man, and then with a sigh and a groan he sank sunk from earth.

Full well the Red-Cross Knight knew the crafty monk who for gold had bartered his soul to the fiend.

Straight to the dingle dell went the knight, clad in the friar's robe of gray, and there he found the guilty man who had forged the scroll and caused the death of the Lady Elinore.

A riddle the knight propounded to the trembling man, and it related to the death of the lady fair; with feeble limbs the wretch essayed to fly, but the sword of the warrior pierced his side, and he fell a dying man.

No more amid the battle was heard the cry of the Red-Cross Knight, but in the abbey of Saint John dwells a stalwart friar, who prays ever for the soul of the Lady Elinore.

A True Woman's Love.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

A group of young men lounged in one of the windows of the Fifth Avenue Club-house. They were smoking, and chatting, and watching the passers-by.

"There goes Miss Leith," said young De Vere, as a graceful figure went down the street. She turned her face that way as she passed the window. It was a proud, beautiful face, with deep, truthful eyes brightening its exquisite curves. An aristocratic face, too.

"She's a fine-looking woman," said Harry Dalton. "I'd like to be as fortunate as John St. Orme is."

"Why?" asked De Vere, watching the figure of Miss Leith, as she went down the street.

"Why? Don't you know? He's engaged to her, they say," answered Dalton.

"What?" exclaimed De Vere. "St. Orme and Miss Leith engaged? I never dreamed of such a thing."

"I supposed everybody had heard of it," answered Dalton. "He's secured the most eligible party of the season."

"I heard that his speculations in stock were likely to turn out unfortunately," said De Vere, blowing the blue cigar-smoke in fantastic wreaths.

"I don't but his head. Is that so?" "I don't but his head," answered Dalton. "I have heard such rumors, but don't know how much dependence to put in them."

"In case they should prove well founded, and he should lose his property—what then?" asked De Vere.

"I don't know what you refer to," said Dalton.

"I mean, what would Miss Leith do, in that case?" explained De Vere.

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure," answered Dalton. "Miss Leith is very different from the most of women, and it would be hard to surmise what course she would take. She is very proud."

"I hardly think she would marry a man without money," said De Vere, getting up and stretching himself lazily. "Let's take a stroll before dinner."

More than one person in New York has good cause to remember the memorable Black Friday, in which so many fortunes were lost, and so many men made penniless by one turn in fortune's busy wheel.

John St. Orme stood in a window of the club-house, where he could watch the surging tide of life in the streets below, and his thoughts were not pleasant ones.

Houses more reliable than the one in which he was a partner had gone down in utter ruin. If their firm outlived the already fading day, it would be little short of a miracle.

And if ruin came, financially, what then? He did not think of what it would bring to him, so much, as of the change it might make in the relation he held to Olive Leith.

A boy came clattering up the club-house steps.

"A telegram for you," he shouted, seeing St. Orme at the window.

St. Orme's face paled. Something told him what that slip of paper held.

He took it, opened it, and read:

"Every thing is gone. We are ruined."

The telegram dropped from his nerveless fingers.

Ruined! It was not so much the money that was lost that he cared for. It was the woman he loved. Every thing lost!

The world, counting his loss in dollars and cents, would sympathize with him, after a cold and hollow fashion, but who could count the loss that his heart knew, if he gave up the dream that had been so sweet? So real, too, when Olive Leith, putting her hand in his, had whispered the word he had been so glad to hear.

And now?

He turned away from the window, in the gathering twilight of the troubled, busy day, and went down the steps, with the air of a man who has battled with the world and lost.

And when we count our losses by the scars they leave upon the heart, they are bitter, heavy ones, indeed.

"A gentleman to see you," said the servant, who had answered the ring of the door-bell.

"Who is it?" asked Miss Leith, looking up from her book.

"Mr. St. Orme," answered the servant. "Shall I tell him you will see him?"

"Of course," answered Miss Leith. "I am always at home to Mr. St. Orme. Remember that."

She rose up and met St. Orme at the door. "I am so glad you came to-night," she said, a tender light in her beautiful eyes. "I have been wishing for some one's company for the last hour. It has been very lonesome here."

He looked into her face questioningly.

Has she heard of the turn in fortune's wheel? If she had—and his heart gave a great throb at the thought—and his loss of wealth involved a loss of her love, she did not show it. Could it be that she was so different from many women he had known who had counted wealth above love?

Above love, was such a love worth a man's regret?

"You look tired," she said; "you have been working too hard."

There was tender solicitude in her gentle voice. She came and stood beside him, smiling down into his face.

"Olive," he cried, "do you know?—have you heard?"

"What?" she asked.

"That I am a poor man," he answered, his eyes fixed earnestly upon her face, expecting to see some change come over it. He was so fearful of what he half expected.

"Yes, I heard of your losses, and I am sorry for you," she answered.

"And you have thought of the change which it has brought into our lives?" he said, pale now, and speaking in a low, troubled voice.

"I do not see what great change it can make in our lives," she said, in her sweet and quiet way.

"Oh, Olive, don't you see?" he cried. "I am a poor man now. I must work for my bread. A week ago I could offer you a splendid home, and wealth to satisfy your lightest wish. It is all different now."

"John," her voice was full of sweet reproach, "did you think, when I promised to be your wife, that I cared for your money? It was you I promised to marry, not your wealth. Your money may be gone, but I don't see why that should make any difference with us, or why it should prevent my keeping my promise. If you want to be free, I shall have to let you go, I suppose, but I shall hold you to your promise till I feel quite sure that you regret asking me to marry you. Does that satisfy you?"

She bent down and kissed his face, from which the shadow had faded out entirely, and the light of a great joy had taken its place.

"Oh, Olive, thank God for a true woman's love!" he said, earnestly.

Society didn't have the pleasure of saying that St. Orme lost Miss Leith because he lost his fortune.

On the Prairie;

The Adventures of Amateur Hunters.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

X.—TAKING THE BACK-TRAIL.

I did not open this series with the malicious intention of inflicting upon the reader a thorough and minute description of our little expedition in quest of fun and adventure, for, though such might be interesting to those more immediately concerned, to others 'twould be just the opposite. Some portions may have seemed unnecessarily prolix, but I wished to give the boy readers of the JOURNAL who reside far from the trapping-grounds some idea of what winter sports we Western boys have.

The different modes of trapping, together with the poisoning of wolves, as given here, may be depended upon as being correct. Some of the episodes given may appear rather highly colored, but not so; they also are "drawn from life."

As spring came nearer, we began discussing our plans for the future, what we would do when we reached old St. Joe once more, the gay times we would then have, etc. But in one thing all agreed; the next winter would find us—Providence permitting—together at the old grounds where so many days had been passed in rough but hearty enjoyment.

Another subject began to interest us deeply; Pete first broached it, I believe. And as that formed about the last adventure before leaving the trapping-grounds, though a not very creditable one to us, it may be as well to note it down here. Thus far I have not spared the boys at the expense of truth, nor will I do so this late in the day.

Pete Shaffer first proposed that we should start for Marysville on horseback, thus saving the expense of having teams come after us. We all understood his meaning, though listening in silence. The reader may remember that the Omahas who had visited us said their village was two days' travel distant. Shortly after Christmas we heard from them again.

Two of our best traps were missing, and Pete finally struck the trail of the thieves, followed it up, entered the village, and confronting the chief, old Koutaculibee, or "White-Handed Knife," demanded a return of his property on penalty of a visit from the rough-riders of Fort Kearney. Knowing the scout well, the Omahas forced the thief to return the traps, and Pete left the village. His eyes had not been idle.

"It's just this—a-way, boys," he argued. "It's either ride or foot. We only spoke for two teams, and our duds'll purty nigh fill them, when we take in the pesky travelin'."

So we'll have to walk, unless we pick up some ponies. Stealin'! Git out—don't talk so foolish, boy. Steal from an Injun? pout! We'll just pick up a few stray critters an' take 'em to Marysville to look for their owners. The Omahas stole 'em all, anyhow. Then of we don't find no owners, why, they're our'n, hain't they? Sartinly! An' a good plug'll fetch thirty dollars, easy. 'Tain't stealin'—durn it, he'dn't I order know?"

Such reasoning, oft repeated, convinced—or at least dociled up. Very likely the Omahas would not miss the ponies, and if they should, why, what were they but Indians—and consequently thieves, anyhow? Laugh, if you will, but a good many "bordermen" reason in just this way. We did. The strongest argument, however, was that by this means we would reach home full two weeks earlier than were we to await the engaged teams.

Fred Dewey, especially, was very anxious; he yearned for the bon-bons and confectionery of Felix street, as he confessed to me one night when I caught him surreptitiously gnawing up after the corn-cob stopper that had done service in our jug of molasses, the last drop of which had vanished weeks since. Fred had a sweet tooth. And then there was a certain charming Miss Grace!

So one day Pete, Bradley and I set forth, leaving the other three to keep camp and arrange matters for a speedy departure. The snow had melted a great deal, and our rockets were soon cast aside as useless. Pete went over his plans again and again, giving each one his particular duty. The Omahas, like all other prairie tribes—though they can scarcely be called a tribe—turn their extra stock loose to forage for themselves in winter, only looking after them occasionally, unless at war with some of their neighbors. Shaffer had marked a good number of loose ponies in fair condition when leaving the village, and from these he intended to take his choice. Our equipment consisted of three stout lariats, with a score of strong hide bands, tanned flexible, with the hair still on.

The second day we came to the feeding grounds, and shortly after dark, having found the coast clear, Pete bade us await him, and stole down into the valley. Half an hour later he returned with a fine, though somewhat gaunt pony. Using its body as a partial cover, with lariats ready for use, we gained the outskirts of the drove, and, working coolly, in two hours had the desired number subject to our will. Long before daylight we were riding hastily away from the feeding ground, each leading five animals besides the one ridden. At dawn we separated, the better to elude pursuit in case such should be made, until at a short distance from the dug-out, where we found the boys in readiness for us. Rude pack-saddles had been made days before, and now slings, bands, etc., were all prepared.

In the morning we bade adieu to the "dug-out," not without genuine regret for the many pleasant hours spent beneath its shelter, vowing to visit it again before many months passed by, and turned our faces toward the sun. Of that journey little need be said. Our most serious adventures were the mishaps consequent upon unskillful packing, followed by a hot chase after the unburdened "plug," together with the numerous false alarms at night, when every skulking wolf was an Omaha, "froze for hair," who had followed our trail to recover their ponies that we had confiscated—to put it mildly.

We carefully avoided Beartree, knowing that a company of soldiers were stationed there, who would have made short work with our stock, their duty being as much to protect the Indians from wrong as the whites from injury. A week later we entered Marysville, creating considerable excitement in that lively burg as the first trapping party in for the season. And then began our triumph over those crackers who boasted so unmercifully ridiculed the idea of boys doing any thing in that line. Truly, revenge was sweet.

We made arrangements for shipping our goods to St. Joe, then sold all but a pony for each man, at a fair price, as we resolved to see it through on horseback. Here we donned the garbs that had caused us many a sore finger—and blistered tongue, if there be any truth in the old adage—all of skins, shaped by our own hands, then set out for St. Joe.

If we created a sensation, it was just what we intended, and during the next two or three days we "spread ourselves," visiting lady friends just as we were, guiltless of shears or razor, drawing the long bow with a skill that made even Pete Shaffer smile approvingly. Only one thing marred our perfect pleasure. Fred pitched into the bonbons and sweetmeats so extensively that he was soon in the same condition as was Pete's pet before he killed it. But Miss Gracie soon nursed him back to health and spirits.

Egyptian Juglers.—Expert as are such performers as Blitz, Anderson and others who have astonished thousands upon thousands with their adroit management of eggs in a bag, the transfer of seeds from one locked box to another packed away in the center of half a dozen dove-tailed caskets one within another, the bare-legged exhibitions in the open squares of Cairo, in broad daylight, put the mysterious legend-main of those light-fingered gentlemen quite in the background. We have personally contemplated in their match